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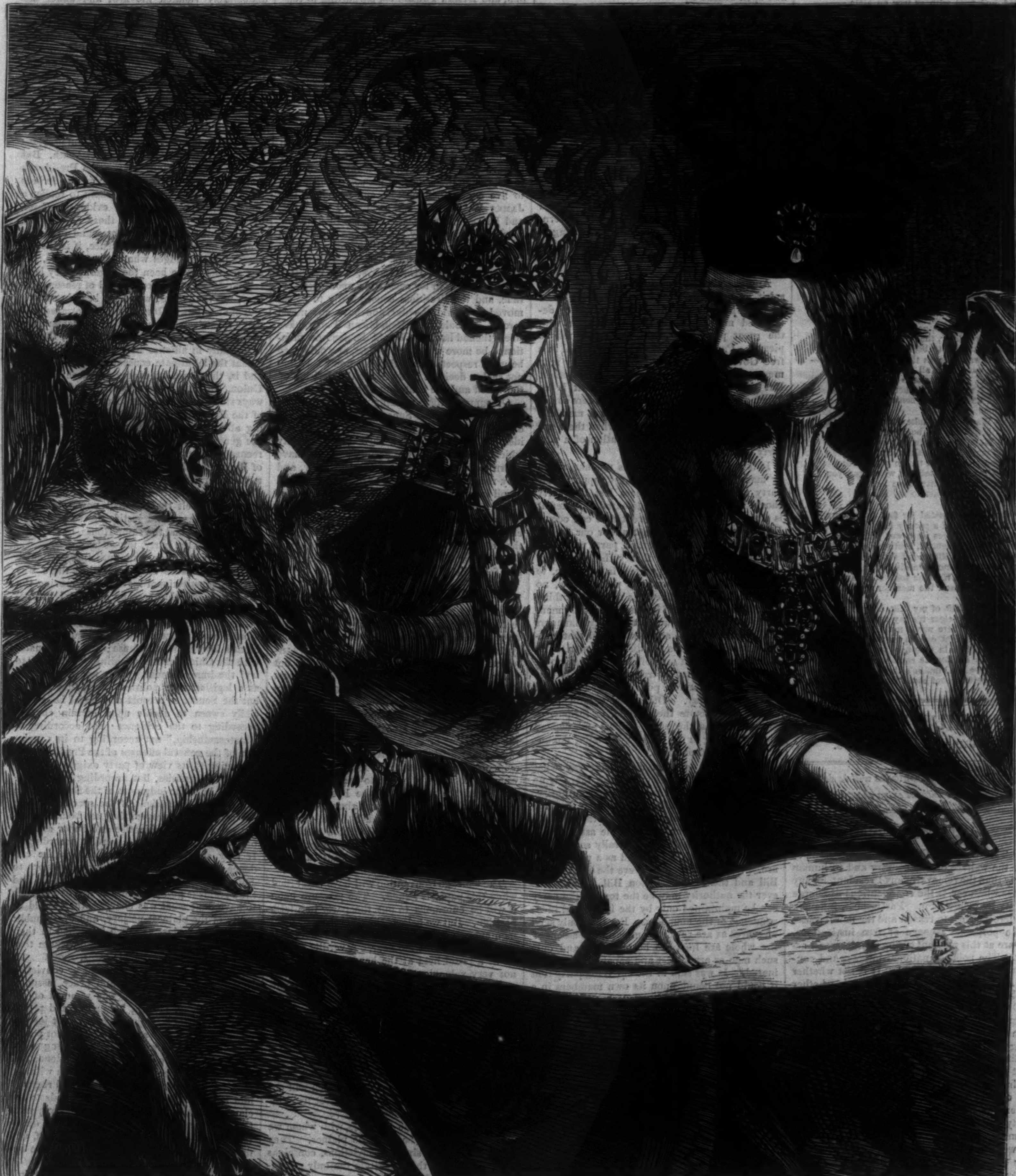

COLUMBUS EXPLAINING HIS DISCOVERY OF AMERICA TO KING FERDINAND AND QUEEN ISABELLA.—DRAWN BY JOHN GILBERT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

We give on the preceding page an engraving from the pencil of the celebrated artist, John Gilbert, of "Columbus explaining his discovery of America to King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain." The story of Columbus is, of course, familiar to all the readers of the *Weekly*, and any explanation of the picture is therefore unnecessary. The scene chosen by Mr. Gilbert for illustration is that famous one in history which took place at the palace of Ferdinand on the return of Columbus after his first voyage, during which he displayed his charts and diagrams, and completely confounded the astronomers whom he had astonished by his views previous to sailing.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S OPINION.

I'm a plain old soldier who fought in the ranks,
One arm gone and this ugly scar;
With nothing except my country's thanks,
Not even a chevron or a bar;
Though I fought as well as most of 'em did,
Loaded, and fired with as true an aim;
But then, you see, the fact of it is,
We are not all of us born to fame.

An army of captains would hardly do,
With all to command and none to obey;
I'm proud of wearing the army blue—
Proud of it now to this very day.
Though the cruel war is over and done,
And I've laid aside my soldier-dress,
Trust in the truth of what I say,
My love for our cause is none the less.

Think you, of men who have fought and bled
On common ground that is dear to each,
Where foe with foe have lain stiff and dead,
That of itself should widen the breach?
My notion is, and I think I'm right,
There seldom was cause of quarrel yet,
Since the time of Noah, betwixt man and man,
That one or both of 'em couldn't forget.

I may be wrong; but that's not the point
With a little patience I'll soon get at;
My tongue, like the times, is out of joint,
And wags a little this way and that.
The point is this: now the country's saved,
Who is the man, of all, to-day,
Fitted the best to take the chair?
To put the thing in a plain, straight way.

We've many among us, good men and true,
Civilian and soldier, that I'll own;
But the fact is plain to both me and you,
There is always *one*, as the world has shown—
Always one more than all the rest;
Some model, you see, of the human race,
Moulded by Nature, the mother of all,
Fashioned and fitted for some high place.

There was Washington—take for example him;
And old Napoleon, the boast of France;
England's Wellington, stern and grim—
Men not made by a freak of chance.
But to come right down to the present day,
There's Grant; now tell me where can you find
A man for President fitter than he?
Or so it seems at least to my mind.

When the war had lasted for four long years,
With little hope of a speedy end,
And thousands of eyes were wet with tears
For the loss of husband, brother, or friend—
While the town of Richmond still held out,
Publishing wide our sore disgrace,
From the glorious West he took command,
And proved himself the man for the place.

Now that's the drift of my talk, do you see?
If I'm not quite clear it's my fault, that's all;
For every crisis there needs must be
One man, the right one, to answer the call.
Here we have him in Grant, as we had before,
And it's my opinion he can't well miss;
The people are for him, he's their choice,
So what better proof could there be than this?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, May 30, 1868.

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PARTY TERRORISM.

A THOUSAND-FOLD more important to the welfare of this country and to human liberty than the removal of any President, for any offense whatever, is the conscientious discharge of duty by public men. Party-spirit, inflamed into ferocity, lost to reason and the moral sense, is the perpetual menace of free institutions. We are at this moment seeing it in its worst aspect. The point of national interest and concern has suddenly changed. It is not whether the President shall be removed—it is whether public men shall be honest.

Our history has given us the most fearful and memorable example of the perils of party-spirit in the career of the Democratic party, beginning with the claim of the rights of man, and ending in a desperate struggle to overthrow the best of governments for the purpose of perpetuating human slavery. The party behest was the only rule of action allowed, and the party order was issued by the most unscrupulous of party leaders. "I would vote," said one of the Democratic orators, "for the Devil himself if he were the regular nominee." The party drill was marvelous. The rule of the Democratic party became almost a tradition. There were those who really supposed that any effort to throw off its supremacy was hopeless. In 1856 Mr. Seward made a speech at Detroit, one of the few that he made during the Fremont campaign, in which he showed in startling detail the absolute possession of every part of the Government by the Democratic party and its policy. Every little rural Northern and Western Post-office was an outpost of Slavery, which was then the Democratic party policy. Every Customhouse berth was a point of advantage for it. Every committee of both Houses of Congress was controlled by it. Unquestioning fidelity to it was the tenure of national office every where. All the patronage, and prestige, and habit of the Government were with the Democratic party and its policy. Men, it was reluctantly thought by many, must always as a mass be ignorant, and their moral sense must be torpid. Trade also is timid, and we are an enormously trading and prosperous people. Moreover, there are constitutional doubts and perplexities, and what on earth can you do with millions of foreign and degraded slaves? So the Democratic party and its policy of Slavery seemed to be as firmly fastened upon the country as the Old Man of the Sea upon Sinbad's shoulders.

But in 1848 the break had begun. Democrats of strong convictions grew restive under the party despotism. They would not be yoked to fetch and carry for slavery, and protested that they would not submit to a party rule that preferred docile acquiescence in the interested whims of certain leaders to honest independence of thought. These men left the party, and took with them its hereditary prestige. From that moment the party policy became even more violent, and unreasonable, and inhuman. The extreme Southern leaders prescribed a still more revolting course; and the party which, in 1856, was in supreme possession of the Government, in 1860 was thrown out of power, and for four years was engaged in a war of malignant hate upon the Government and its principles; the Southern wing in arms, and the Northern wing embarrassing in every way, as a party, the methods pursued by the Government for its salvation.

Any party which is so abandoned to party-spirit as to ostracize and slander those of its friends who honestly differ upon points of detail and method, while they sympathize with the great party aims, will necessarily fall to pieces. Parties undoubtedly are essential in a free Government. Unquestionably every man must make his choice between one or the other. But there are times when party-spirit is so fierce, and the character of party leaders so destructive of moral confidence, that a man can act heartily with neither. And when there are many men who feel so the formation of a new party is at hand.

It is a profound and perilous mistake, made by many citizens, that they must support their party under all circumstances lest the party should lose ground and be defeated. A defeat is often the best possible event that can occur. For we must remember that under our system we are in the hands of certain party managers who presume, upon the theory that the party nominations will be supported in any case, to nominate bad and unworthy men. Now, no Government is safe, liberty is not safe, nothing is safe, in the hands of bad and unworthy men. And the only way in which the party managers can learn that truth, and understand that honest men will not vote for dishonest men, is to suffer the dishonest men of our own party to be beaten. And what is true of honesty is true of policy. An unwise policy must be criticised in the same way. Otherwise certain party leaders will dictate their crude, or furious, or corrupt will as the party policy, and depend upon whipping in the voters by slander, denunciation, and vituperation.

Of course it is often difficult to say what really is the party policy, because there is no universally recognized supreme party authority. It is generally held in this country that the platform of a national convention is the standard of party faith. But between the assembly of such conventions there is generally some legislative policy which is accepted as a party measure. Such, for instance, were the Civil Rights Bill and the Reconstruction Bill. But whatever the authority may be the tone of the party can be maintained only by the individual independence of the members. For then only such measures as are sure to command the assent of the whole are likely to be proposed, and only such men as are honest and capable to be nominated. It was said of the old Whig party that it could not count upon its own members in a pinch, and that it had no daring. This was merely to say that it was partly composed of men who valued conscience and country more than party. You could *not* count upon such men if the Devil were the regular nominee, and party managers did *not* dare to propose what might be repugnant to many partisans. In a certain way the charge of timidity was true. The Whigs did not dare to adopt a strong anti-slavery policy, and went to pieces. But the Democrats did dare to adopt a strong slavery policy, and were equally destroyed. Mere daring is cheap. The important point is not to dare to do, but to dare to do right.

This country is now undergoing one of its severest trials in the effort to crush the individual conscience by party terrorism. But as we show elsewhere there are enough sagacious and influential members of the party to protest against so fatal a course, and to prevent the party of liberty from destroying by general consent the most sacred and essential rights of free citizens of a free nation.

THE DECISION.

The vote upon the eleventh article shows that the President will be acquitted. The adjournment until after the Chicago Convention was doubtless for the purpose of obtaining a solemn demand of conviction from the authorized representatives of the party throughout the country assembled in Chicago. If this were the purpose, it seems to us most unwise.

Suppose it to be successful. Suppose the Chicago Convention to insinuate, with the *Tribune*, that the Republican Senators who vote according to their convictions are infamous scoundrels who have been bought with money; or with the Philadelphia "boys in blue," to resolve that "James W. Grimes, William P. Fessenden, and Lyman Trumbull, purporting to represent the loyal people of the United States, as well as Iowa, Maine, and Illinois, prompted by malice, jealousy, disappointment, and perhaps baser motives which we blush to name, have conspired together to place the Government, which we have saved from her armed foes, absolutely in control of its rebel enemies: that such a crime is far more heinous than the surrender of an outpost to the enemy, and no punishment would express our utter detestation of the three recreants who are to-day branded with an infamous notoriety: and that it is far better to have died, as Senator Howard was willing to do, rich in the esteem of his countrymen than to live a degraded outcast and friendless like James W. Grimes, William P. Fessenden, and Lyman Trumbull." Suppose this kind of resolution adopted by the Chicago Convention and sent to each Republican Senator. Suppose that thereupon Senators Grimes, Trumbull, Fessenden, Ross, Henderson, Van Winkle, and Fowler vote for conviction upon every article, and the President consequently to be removed. Would the decision have any moral force? Would the Republican Party have strengthened itself? Would the Senators mentioned be more worthy of respect, or would they be more respected than they are now? Would not such a decision justly excite the derision of the world and the contempt of history?

Or suppose that, refusing to perjure themselves directly, these Senators resign and withdraw, thus securing the conviction of the President, what is that but a shrinking from duty which is really indirect perjury? They have sworn to do a certain duty conscientiously, and they recoil from it because of intimidation, and recoil in a manner which, by their action, procures a result that they believe to be contrary to law and subversive of justice. Can they escape their own condemnation or hope to elude that of those who look to them to stand fast at all costs for the moral freedom of the Senate, and for judicial integrity?

We observe that Ex-Governor Israel Washburne, of Maine, at a meeting in Portland, in speaking of Mr. Fessenden, asked—with perfect courtesy, however—whether it might not be possible that one man was wrong and seventy-five thousand men right? Surely Mr. Washburne upon reflection will see that he has not fairly stated the situation. Is Mr. Fessenden the mouth-piece of seventy-five thousand men of Maine, or is he a sworn judge in a particular case? Is he merely in this matter a representative of the men of Maine who are hostile to the President, or is he a representative of the State under oath to do justice according to the evidence? Does not Mr. Washburne see that when we resolved to resort to impeachment we renounced the removal of the President as a political or party measure, and aimed to accomplish it by judicial methods? We engaged ourselves in honor to abide by those methods; and if, fearing their failure, we attempt to coerce the court, we degrade our cause and rob our success of all its meaning.

The Chicago Convention will have adjourned when this paper is issued. The pressure upon it will be enormous to put the party in a false position. But we believe that there will be good men enough among its members to reflect that some victories cost too dear. A verdict extorted by a pistol held at the head of the judge is not very valuable. Should this truth be forgotten in the heat of the crisis, should the counsel of passionate rather than of sensible men prevail, and the Convention pass a resolution of censure upon the Republican Senators who are unable to believe that Mr. Stanton stands within the Tenure-of-Office Act, we shall regard it as the expression of a momentary frenzy which the delegates themselves will some day most profoundly regret, and which will not be justified by the feeling of the most truly intelligent and earnest Republicans.

But the duty of the Senators, with whom we indeed differ, will be only the plainer. They must follow their sincere convictions, conscious that in so doing they maintain the only permanent principle of a free government; and their task will be the more difficult because they will maintain it against the cry of the party which is its natural protector.

THE OATH AND THE EVIDENCE.

During the unparalleled excitement over the result of the Impeachment it has been asserted that true statesmanship requires the removal of the President, and that true statesmen would not go mousing about to see exactly what their oaths demand. Impeachment, it is said, and the word is used as meaning conviction and removal, is not only statesmanship but justice and peace. So it is, if it be lawfully accomplished, not otherwise. The assertion as made assumes one thing, that when a President is obnoxious to the party in power and it can control a vote of two-thirds, he should be removed. This may be advisable. The liberties of the citizen may be as secure under such a system as they are under ours. But that is not the question. It is *not* our system, and it can not be made so without the destruction of the peculiar safeguards which make in great measure the excellence of our system.

We have been earnest advocates of Impeachment. It seems to us that the President has deliberately violated the law, and under the circumstances it is clear to us that no good intention can be inferred. The precedent of his offense is perilous, and we think that the necessary facts are established that the President has committed the offense which the Constitution contemplates in providing for impeachment, and that he ought therefore to be removed.

But we are not the official judges—our party is not the judge—and still less are the official accusers the judges. The Constitution provides the judges, and they take an especial oath. But they do not sit as judges upon the President's political career. Their oath expressly forbids them to do that by binding them to render a judgment according to the evidence offered upon specific charges. If those charges are loosely drawn, if they are not sound in law, if they are unsupported by evidence, it is the accusers not the judges who are responsible. If the accusers have been too eager, if they have taken counsel of passion instead of reason, it is they, not the judges, who have been in error.

That Andrew Johnson has betrayed the party that elected him, that he has lamentably perplexed and delayed reconstruction, that he is virtually in alliance with those who hope to defeat the legitimate consequences of the war, and is, therefore, an enemy of peace and the Union, we have never doubted, and have always steadily maintained. But the intelligence of the Republican party, although acknowledging all this, yet held that impeachment upon the general fact of his delaying and perplexing reconstruction was inexpedient. The House of Representatives, by an immense Republican majority, ratified this view. But when the President attempted the removal of Mr. Stanton it was felt that he had now committed such an act as would justify the solemnity of Impeachment, and the same House, by a unanimous vote of the party, impeached.

But why did they wait until this particular action? Because they knew that there was but one constitutional method of removing the President, and that was by a judicial investigation of specific charges to be supported by evidence; the Managers, upon the part of the House, being the prosecuting counsel; the President's lawyers, the defense; and the Senate, with the Chief Justice presiding, "sitting" "to try" the impeachment. It is not the Senate, as a legislative or political body, that so sits, but the Senate as a court or judicial body specially sworn to decide upon certain charges according to the evidence; not according to "statesmanship," not according to its conviction of the general offenses of the President, not according to its view of party exigencies or of political necessities, but according to the evidence. If, in the judgment of the Senators, the evidence be insufficient, if the specific charges are not honestly proved, they are bound by every consideration of justice and honor and the public peace to render a verdict accordingly. If they should decide that although the evidence, according to which they were sworn to judge, was insufficient, yet that they would find the President guilty because he was bad enough to have done what was charged, they would be guilty of the plainest perjury, and every public trust would be just as much imperiled in their hands as in those of the President, whom they would convict against their oaths.

The theory that impeachment or conviction is statesmanship, justice, and peace, assumes that perjury is a virtue. The removal of the President may, indeed, be justice and peace, but his removal by unjust means is not justice, and his exclusion by a false verdict is not peace. A Senator who is sworn to find according to the evidence, but who disregards the evidence and convicts upon a general dissatisfaction with the President, renders a false verdict, and removes him by unjust means; and if he yields to the clamor of his party, and deliberately prostitutes his sincere conviction to popular dictation, he not only fatally disgraces himself, and demoralizes the public conscience, but he betrays civilization.

If the Constitution meant that a two-thirds vote of the Senate should remove the President, it would say so. But when it provides that he shall be removed only after proper trial and the presentation of evidence upon distinct charges against which he may defend himself, it forbids his removal in any other manner whatever. The moment, therefore, that party coercion of the Senate is attempted, every man who believes that our system is in nothing wiser than in this very point, will resist the attempt to overthrow it. The process of Impeachment is a foolish and cumbrous farce if the Senate may remove the President without proved charges; and if it can not, although party threats and the vilest vituperation may ruin a Senator politically, and may even kill him by the mental struggle to which they subject him, yet they can not make the evidence more conclusive, and they can not absolve him from his oath to decide according to the evidence alone.

POLITICS AND STOCK SPECULATIONS.

Most brokers and stock-jobbers have promised themselves an unusual amount of business the coming season, to grow out of fluctuations in the market occasioned by the excitement of the Presidential canvass and other disturbing causes. They allotted upon the decision of the High Court of Impeachment to create no little speculative activity; and they now turn their eyes anxiously toward the Republican Convention at Chicago, to catch, if possible, some inkling of the results to follow its deliberations. All the vital questions of finance and political economy depend so nearly upon the decisions of that august representative body that they can not remain unaffected by its action. Then there is some anxiety to know what course President Johnson will pursue—whether his administration, during the brief remainder of his term, will be more in accord with the common sentiment of Congress and the country, or whether he will venture to provoke new issues, to the great public detriment; whether he will retain his present Cabinet, or appoint new, reliable, and more acceptable advisers, in whom all parties may have confidence.

Besides these queries, which naturally occupy the minds of those whose pockets are especially sensitive to disturbing influences, there are minor questions which are equally potent to affect the gold and stock markets. It is important to know whether or not Secretary M'Culloch is to have a successor, and whether his policy is to be changed; whether or not there is to be any further inflation of the currency or extraordinary sales of gold; what is to result from the caprice of the two mighty Railroad Kings who have combined their forces and now hold powerful sway on 'Change; what the cliques are to do who are holding stocks at inordinate and fictitious prices; what, in a word, is to come of the thousand and one supposable cases that may happen in the course of the summer to turn the price of gold, or direct the golden tide that alternately flows from purse to purse.

We don't think the mercantile world is as nervous upon these points as the brokers are. Hitherto, general trade has not been greatly interfered with by the quarrel between Congress and the President, nor by the suspense in regard to the result of the impeachment trial. The summer season is always dull, and the one approaching will not differ materially from its predecessors. Experiment has taught us not to gather too much alarm from the threatening attitude of mere politicians. We are not to apprehend war on the Fisheries question, nor repudiation, nor factious strife, nor any of those evils which are so often presaged by political birds of ill-omen. There must arise causes less superficial than now appear if we are to suffer serious calamity. The banks are in position of tolerable strength; and the money-market is comparatively easy, with the prospect of greater ease before the middle of summer. Nor do we think that the brokers and stock speculators are to reap any richer harvests than the mercantile community. They may succeed in making enough money to buy a square meal daily, which is as much as they have done for three years, save when the spirits of Drew or Vanderbilt came down in pity to stir up the "pools" around which the halt and the maimed continually hover. But their chances for realizing large profits are very doubtful. Their calculations failed on the impeachment question, and will probably do so in other instances.

It is true that the acquittal of President Johnson has created a profound sensation both at home and abroad; but its effect has been rather to quiet the country than disturb it. It appears to have been accepted with favor by all parties except the extreme Radicals. What the country needs is rest and peace. It is better to allay strife than to unnecessarily create grounds for strife. We wish to be relieved of this long-continued and unbearable suspense. We wish to see such a platform adopted at Chicago as will put at rest forever the vexed questions of suffrage, tariff, repudiation, reconstruction, and the rest. We wish to see some definite policy adopted, upon which all loyal and conservative men can harmoniously unite—something looking more to the best interests of the country than those of mere party. If such a platform could be drawn up, it would not only elect the Republican candidate by a large majority, but insure a return of prosperity and business activity, with large profits not only to the brokers of Wall Street but to all departments of trade and commerce. As for merely speculative gains, which grow out of popular mistrust and general derangement, we hope and believe that the day for them has passed. If peace will only spread her wings over the land, we care not how many stock-gamblers cry out with the vexation of disappointment.

PARTY GOOD SENSE.

We are very glad to record that there are many of the most influential of the Republican journals which refused to join in the effort at partisan dictation of the verdict in the Impeachment trial.

The Providence *Journal*, speaking for the Rhode Island Senators, said, "They will alike scorn with indignation the base imputation implied in the telegram quoted above [General Schenck's] that they are capable of prostituting the 'impartial justice' to which they are solemnly pledged, under any amount of pressure from 'resolutions, letters, and delegations.'"

The Chicago *Tribune* declared with perfect truth: "A party can always afford to take the consequences of the conscientious performance of a judicial duty."

The Boston *Advertiser* said of Mr. Fessenden: "We are bound to concede his right to judge for himself, and to respect his exercise of the right."

The Hartford *Courant*, edited by Ex-Governor Hawley, one of the truest of Republicans, said: "When such lawyers, men of honor, and sound Republicans as Trumbull and Fessenden, pronounce against the articles as they are drafted, and under a law whose construction admits of doubt, we are not going to join in denouncing them as apostates and traitors."

The Chicago *Post* remarks: "The effect of his impeachment and deposal, if secured by partisan effort, would be a graver calamity than any that he can inflict. No man can calculate the consequences of such a blow at the permanence of our institutions."

The Bridgeport (Connecticut) *Standard* says: "Not only are we prepared to receive with entire equanimity that verdict whatever it may be, but we trust that when it is recorded, for the instruction and guidance of the nation in future years, the record may be an everlasting witness that full and impartial justice has been done."

The Cincinnati *Commercial* also very truly remarks: "The Republican party is strong; but it can not afford to drive out as traitors all who disagree with the opinions that are most noisily expressed by the most excitable of its members."

It is a matter of congratulation also, that the Union League Club of New York again exposed themselves to the peril of public denunciation by Mr. Greeley as "blockheads and dunces," by refusing to pass resolutions stigmatizing eminent Republican Senators as Benedict Arnolds and Judas Iscariots because they faithfully observed their oath as judges. The President, John Jay, in a speech admirable for its wisdom and temper and very pregnant allusion, remarked that "those, who, during the thirty years' anti-Slavery struggle, have contended with Milton for 'the right to know, to utter, and to argue freely above all liberties,' are not likely to deny to others, especially when acting under the sanction of an oath, an equal freedom."

These are all indications that the sober sense of the party condemns not only as a flagrant offense against common decency, but as a serious blunder in party tactics, such attempts as that of General Schenck's telegram of the New York *Tribune*, and of Mr. Charles S. Spencer's resolutions to overawe the Senate of the United States in the discharge of a judicial duty.

RESTORATION.

By a vote of 108 yeas to 35 nays the House of Representatives has admitted the States of North and South Carolina, Louisiana, Georgia, and Alabama, to representation in Congress, upon condition that their Legislatures ratify the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution, and that there shall never be any discrimination in the right of voting in those States against any citizen or class of citizens of the United States. The representatives are to be admitted whenever the President shall proclaim the adoption of the amendment by the State Legislatures, and it is made his duty to do it within ten days after receiving official information of the fact. There was a motion to except Alabama from this bill upon the ground that she had not conformed to the act of March 2, 1867, as the preamble states. But the motion was defeated, and although the Constitution of Alabama has not received a vote of a majority of the registered voters, it is now the fundamental law of the State. The requirement of such a majority was undoubtedly a mistake. But it was nevertheless a condition of the law, and to declare that it has been observed is no less a mistake. It is an unnecessary untruth.

With that exception there is no doubt that the Constitutions of the States in question are more truly Republican, and are adopted by a more general consent of the people, than any Constitutions these States have ever had. They are not widely different, as we have heretofore shown, from the Constitutions of most of the States; and with resolute determination the people of the lately disorganized part of the country may rapidly establish their prosperity. The main condition of this result must be their conviction that the principle of reconstruction is settled, and that the whole subject is not to be reopened. Nor can any thing secure this conviction so surely as the election of General Grant by an overwhelming majority. Just as the re-election of Lincoln in 1864 was the condition of a real peace, so is the election of Grant in 1868. Had the Democrats been able to carry the country four years ago, the national disaster would have been unspeakable. Could they succeed now, the calamity would be immeasurable. All the elements of hostility to the Union, to equal rights, to the national honor; all the instincts of ignorance, of the hatred of race, and of class privilege, are combined under the name of Democracy. The candidate of the Tammany Convention of 1868 will bear the standard of a most perilous reaction.

If we would enable the States, that after their desperate effort to destroy us all are now restored to the Union, to become safe and thrifty members of the family, we must show them by the triumphant election of Grant that we, not they, have prevailed, and that their "cause" is not only a lost, but a hopelessly lost cause.

MURDER IN A MASK.

We have so seldom of late found occasion to praise the actions of the Secretary of State that we observe with peculiar pleasure that he has asked the recall of the two attachés of the Foreign Legation who were concerned in the duel with Mr. Lawrence, the Minister of the United States to Costa Rica; and we understand that he has also signified to that gentleman that his resignation would be promptly accepted. It is quite time that the Government should express in its special action the better feeling in regard to the barbarism of dueling. The custom has lingered in this country under the shade of the peculiar views of social honor that sprang from the system of slavery. But the essential atrocity of the practice removes it, in the light of our intelligence and civilization, very little from murder. The possible advantage of a system of summary and possibly mortal punishment for an unbridled tongue is more than overborne by the folly of a system which gives the worst of men the right of calling the best to an ordeal which determines nothing but skill in the use of deadly weapons.

It is shameful that this practice has not long ago wholly disappeared before the universal reprobation of intelligent and sensible men; and that the foolish youth who are inclined to resort to it as a settlement of quarrels have not been expelled from honorable society. Pray, if it be disgraceful to cheat at cards, why is it not disgraceful for a man who is a good shot to tweak the nose of one who is not, knowing that a duel will result? Why should a scoundrel who is a sure shot be allowed to give the lie at his pleasure to one who is not? Yet the practice of dueling gives him that immunity. It is a practice which prevails most among men of the least true honor, and one to which, if intelligent men condescend, they feel it necessary to explain and defend their conduct. It is very properly made a penal offense by modern civilized law, and in requiring the resignation of an officer of the Government who has violated the law, although not in a manner to subject him to legal penalties, the Secretary of State pays a proper tribute to the good sense and moral sentiment of the country.

POLITE LETTERS.

Two or three weeks since, when the *World* was lecturing the *Tribune* upon the courtesy of the press, we quoted from the *World* its Washington correspondent's personal description of General Butler as an illustration of the practice of a paper that preached so loudly. But truth compels us to say that the *Tribune's* Washington correspondent has surpassed that of the *World* in his own direction. In speaking of the appearance of the Senate upon the day after the postponement, the correspondent says:

> "Trumbull, Fessenden, and Grimes, 'poor Grimes!' were more conspicuous than ever before. The infamous notoriety which they had obtained made every stranger ask to have them pointed out to him. They sat alone in their seats. Nobody who had the least regard for his reputation ventured near them. Can one touch pitch and not be defiled? seemed to be the unanimous sentiment. Grimes curled himself up on his seat, as mean, repulsive, and noxious as a hedgehog in the cage of a traveling menagerie; and so they sat, the target of scoffs, while five hundred lorgnettes were scanning their faces for some indication in their facial lines of the deep, dark treachery of their hearts. Trumbull smiled. How different his look from that of the light, fresh boy—his son it may be—whom he caressed. Fessenden busied himself with his correspondence. Indignant New Englanders asked, What has New England done that she should have such a representative?"

Nothing could be more disgraceful to the character of the press, and nothing, therefore, more fatal to its influence than the manner in which the *World* has recently spoken of General Butler and the *Tribune* of the Republican Senators who would not violate their oath. No newspaper deserves to have influence, and among honorable men it will not have it, which personally maligns its political opponents. Sarcasm and ridicule are legitimate weapons. But charges of corruption are not sarcasm, and personal caricature in a grave political debate merely makes him who stoops to it contemptible.

DOMESTIC RESERVE.

"There should be no secrets between man and wife" may be a good general law, but, like many laws, it admits of exceptions. There is a great deal of daily household occurrence which wives who desire—and what good wives do not?—to promote the comfort of their husbands should keep to themselves.

Fagged with the day's work in the bank, the counting-house, the law-office, and the shop, the husband returns to his boiled mutton and turnips, and expects, as he requires, refreshment for body and mind. It is accordingly no little disappointment to him, on turning the latch-key and entering the hall, to meet a sobbing wife, and hear her lugubriously exclaiming, "Oh! my dear! what d'ye think, Bridget has dropped the china sugar-bowl," or "Mary, the cook, has burnt a hole in the sauce-pan," or "Anne Eliza, the little wretch, has spilled the ink all over her best dress," or "Bobby has burst his trowsers," or "Baby, the darling, was choked until he was black in the face while supping his pap." These more or less inevitable mischances of every household are not beyond the philosophy of any ordinary wife to bear and her capacity to remedy. Mrs. Smith can not, it might be supposed, require the sympathy of Mr. Smith to assuage her grief for the rupture of Bobby's trowsers, or his aid or advice in applying the necessary patch. Why then torment him with a lugubrious recital of the details of the occurrence? He is irritable, perhaps, as most fatigued and hungry men, and women too, are during that most trying half hour before dinner, and wishing a thousand times Mrs. Smith's mournful communications to the ——, finally says so. *Hinc illæ lacrymæ*, thence that sputtering and crying, with all other incidents of the usual "domestic scene." Mr. S. faced by Mrs. S. in a perpetual pet, of course loses all appetite for the mutton and turnips, and next day makes sure of a dinner by taking it at Delmonico's, and don't come home till morning. This soon becomes a habit, and Mrs. S. has at last a real cause for sorrow, about which, however, she is apt to be less communicative. The happiness of a household has often been thus destroyed. It is some frivolous thing which in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is the original cause of domestic anarchy. It would be well for wives to use a little more reserve, and keep the petty annoyances of their homes to themselves. It will be said, of course, that husbands should not be worried by such trifles. Granted; but they are. Until they become wiser the fact will remain, and be worthy of serious consideration.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

The House, on May 14, by a vote of 108 yeas to 35 nays, passed the bill to admit the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana. This and the bill to admit Arkansas are now before the Senate.

NEWS ITEMS.

Mr. Peter Cooper and others are organizing a society for the purpose of devising and executing means to elevate and protect the Indians of the United States and Territories.

Mr. Henry Bergh has been lecturing in favor of horse-flesh as food. The Farmer's Club, before whom the lecture was made, while recognizing the old adage, "Every one to his taste," tabled a resolution recommending its use on the table of the Club.

The Mississippi Constitution is to be voted on on June 23.

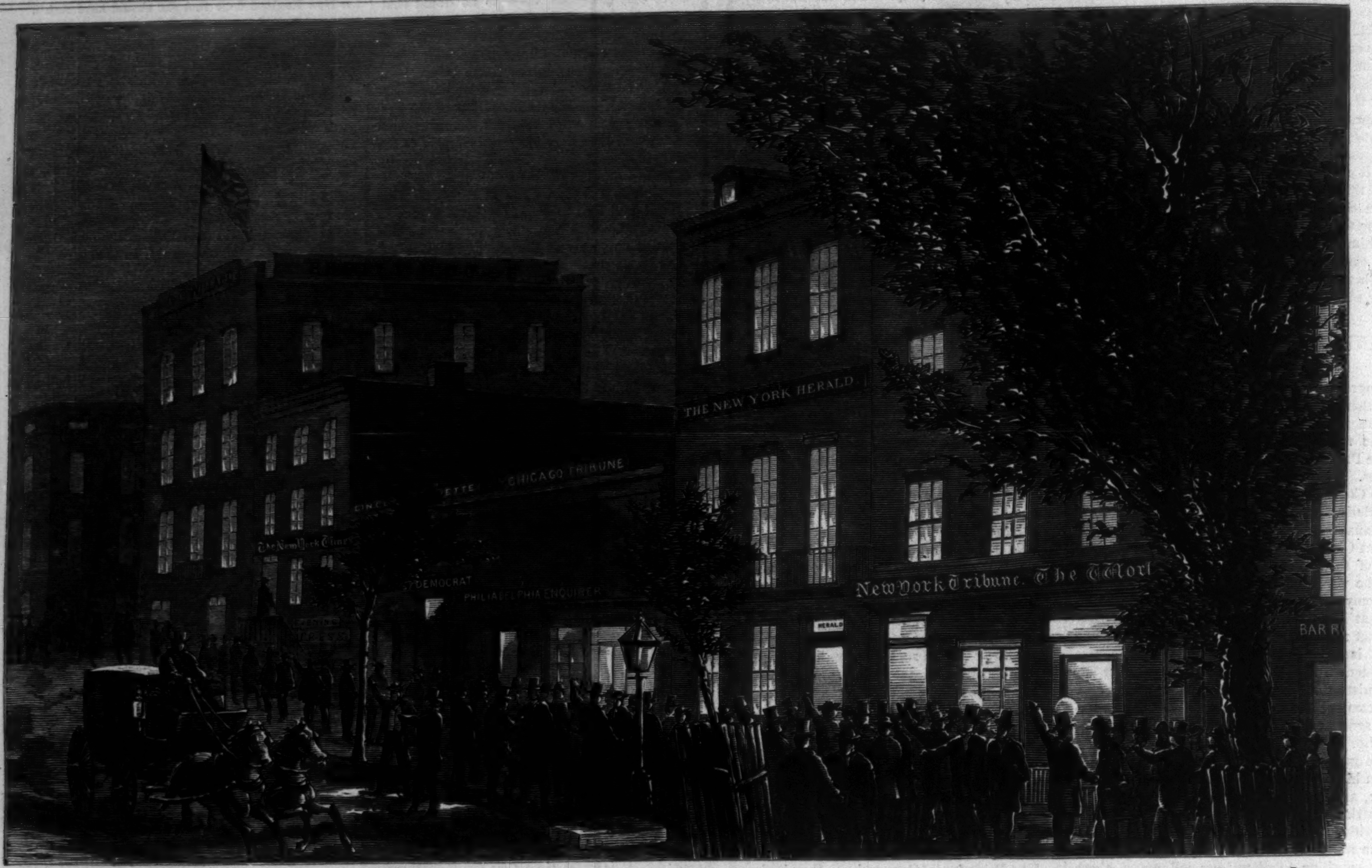
Preparations are busily making for the laying of another telegraph cable between Havana and Key West. The United States steamer *Gettysburg* is now engaged in sounding for a cable to connect Panama with the United States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Queen Victoria says she is willing to give up her interest in the Irish Church.

China is not the only Empire which is giving way to the influence of European and American civilization. In opening the Turkish Council of State on May 11 the Sultan said that the time had come when Turkish manners and customs must yield before and conform to European civilization.

We are likely to have trouble with Hayti. President Salnave has escaped from Cape Haytien and arrived in Port au Prince. He used violent threats to the American and other foreign Consuls, and many Americans were shot at and robbed, being finally compelled to seek shelter at the American Consulate. Some of the citizens were arrested and ordered to be shot. The American Consul sent to Havana for an American man-of-war and to Jamaica for a British war vessel. The steam gun-boat *Phœbe*, belonging to the British Government, immediately sailed from Jamaica to his assistance. The revolution had spread all over the country, nearly the whole of which is now in arms against Salnave.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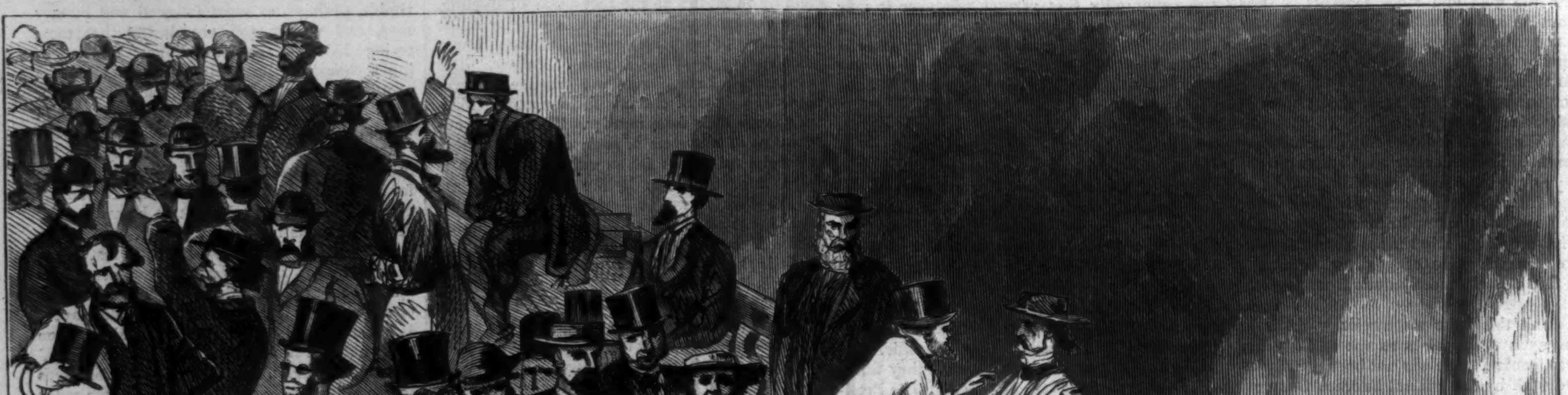
IMPEACHMENT—SCENE IN "NEWSPAPER ROW," WASHINGTON, ON THE NIGHT AFTER THE VOTE.—Sketched by T. R. Davis.—[See Page 350.]



IMPEACHMENT—REPORTERS AND CITIZENS IN THE SENATE LOBBY SEEKING INFORMATION DURING THE SECRET SESSION.—[See Page 350.]

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1867, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

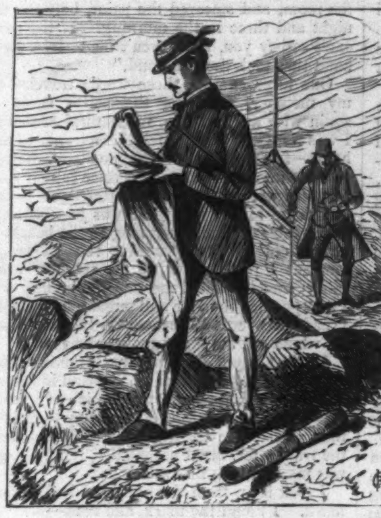
THE MOONSTONE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," etc.

Printed from the Author's Manuscript.

RICHLY ILLUSTRATED.



CHAPTER II.

"BETTEREDGE!" I said, pointing to the well-remembered book on his knee, "has Robinson Crusoe informed you, this evening, that you might expect to see Franklin Blake?"

"By the lord Harry, Mr. Franklin!" cried the old man, "that's exactly what Robinson Crusoe has done!"

He struggled to his feet with my assistance and stood for a moment, looking backward and forward between Robinson Crusoe and me, apparently at a loss to discover which of us had surprised him most. The verdict ended in favor of the book. Holding it open before him in both hands, he surveyed the wonderful volume with a stare of unutterable anticipation—as if he expected to see Robinson Crusoe himself walk out of the pages and favor us with a personal interview.

"Here's the bit, Mr. Franklin!" he said, as soon as he had recovered the use of his speech. "As I live by bread, Sir, here's the bit I was reading the moment before you came in! Page one hundred and fifty-six as follows:—'I stood like one Thunder-struck, or as if I had seen an Apparition.' If that isn't as much as to say: 'Expect the sudden appearance of Mr. Franklin Blake'—there's no meaning in the English language!" said Betteredge, closing the book with a bang, and getting one of his hands free at last to take the hand which I offered him.

I had expected him, naturally enough under the circumstances, to overwhelm me with questions. But no—the hospitable impulse was the uppermost impulse in the old servant's mind, when a member of the family appeared (no matter how!) as a visitor at the house.

"Walk in, Mr. Franklin," he said, opening the door behind him, with his quaint old-fashioned bow. "I'll ask what brings you here afterward—I must make you comfortable first. There have been sad changes since you went away. The house is shut up, and the servants are gone. Never mind that! I'll cook your dinner; and the gardener's wife will make your bed—and if there's a bottle of our famous Latour claret left in the cellar, down your throat, Mr. Franklin, that bottle shall go. I bid you welcome, Sir! I bid you heartily welcome!" said the poor old fellow, fighting manfully against the gloom of the deserted house, and receiving me with the sociable and courteous attention of the by-gone time.

It vexed me to disappoint him. But the house was Rachel's house now. Could I eat in it or sleep in it after what had happened in London? The commonest sense of self-respect forbade me—properly forbade me—to cross the threshold.

I took Betteredge by the arm and led him out into the garden. There was no help for it. I was obliged to tell him the truth. Between his attachment to Rachel and his attachment to me he was sorely puzzled and distressed at the turn that things had taken. His opinion, when he expressed it, was given in his usual downright manner, and was agreeably redolent of the most positive philosophy I know—the philosophy of the Betteredge school.

"Miss Rachel has her faults—I've never denied it," he began. "And riding the high horse, now and then, is one of them. She has been trying to ride over *you*—and you have put up with it. Lord, Mr. Franklin, don't you know women by this time better than that? You have heard me talk of the late Mrs. Betteredge?"

I had heard him talk of the late Mrs. Betteredge pretty often—invariably producing her as his one undeniable example of the inbred frailty and perversity of the other sex. In that capacity he exhibited her now.

"Very well, Mr. Franklin. Now listen to me. Different women have different ways of riding the high horse. The late Mrs. Betteredge took her exercise on that favorite female animal whenever I happened to deny her any thing that she had set her heart on. So sure as I came home from my work on these occasions, so sure was my wife to call to me up the kitchen stairs, and to say that, after my brutal treatment of her, she hadn't the heart to cook me my dinner. I put up with it for some time—just as you are putting up with it now from Miss Rachel. At last my patience wore out. I went down stairs, and I took Mrs. Betteredge—affectionately, you understand—up in my arms, and carried her, holus-bolus, into the best parlor, where she received her company. I said, 'That's the right place for you, my dear,' and so went back to the kitchen. I locked myself in, and took off my coat, and turned up my shirt-sleeves, and cooked my own dinner. When it was done I served it up in my best manner, and enjoyed it most heartily. I had my pipe and my drop of grog afterward; and then I cleared the table, and washed the crockery, and cleaned the knives and forks, and put the things away, and swept up the hearth. When things were as bright and clean again, as bright and clean could be, I opened the door and let Mrs. Betteredge in. 'I've had my dinner, my dear,' I said; 'and I hope you will find I have left the kitchen all that your fondest wishes can desire.' For the rest of that woman's life, Mr. Franklin, I never had to cook my dinner again! Moral: You have put up with Miss Rachel in London; don't put up with her in Yorkshire. Come back to the house."

Quite unanswerable! I could only assure my good friend that even *his* powers of persuasion were, in this case, thrown away on me.

"It's a lovely evening," I said. "I shall walk to Frizinghall, and stay at the hotel, and you must come to-morrow morning and breakfast with me. I have something to say to you."

Betteredge shook his head gravely.

"I'm heartily sorry for this," he said. "I had hoped, Mr. Franklin, to hear that things were all smooth and pleasant again between you and Miss Rachel. If you must have your own way, Sir," he continued, after a moment's reflection, "there is no need to go to Frizinghall to-night for a bed. It's to be had nearer than that. There's Hotherstone's Farm, barely two miles from here. You can hardly object to *that* on Miss Rachel's account," the old man added, slyly. "Hotherstone lives, Mr. Franklin, on his own freehold."

I remembered the place the moment Betteredge mentioned it. The farm-house stood in a sheltered inland valley, on the banks of the prettiest stream in that part of Yorkshire; and the farmer had a spare bedroom and parlor, which he was accustomed to let to artists, anglers, and tourists in general. A more agreeable place of abode, during my stay in the neighborhood, I could not have wished to find.

"Are the rooms to let?" I inquired.

"Mrs. Hotherstone herself, Sir, asked for my good word to recommend the rooms yesterday."

"I'll take them, Betteredge, with the greatest pleasure."

We went back to the yard, in which I had left my traveling bag. After putting a stick through the handle and swinging the bag over his shoulder Betteredge appeared to relapse into the bewilderment which my sudden appearance had caused, when I surprised him in the bee-hive chair. He looked incredulously at the house, and then he wheeled about, and looked more incredulously still at me.

"I've lived a goodish long time in the world," said this best and dearest of all old servants—"but the like of this I never did expect to see. There stands the house, and here stands Mr. Franklin Blake—and, Damme, if one of them isn't turning his back on the other, and going to sleep in a lodging!"

He led the way out, wagging his head and growling ominously. "There's only one more miracle that *can* happen," he said to me, over his shoulder. "The next thing you'll do, Mr. Franklin, will be to pay me back that seven-and-sixpence you borrowed of me when you were a boy."

This stroke of sarcasm put him in a better humor with himself and with me. We left the house, and passed through the lodge gates. Once clear of the grounds, the duties of hospitality (in Betteredge's code of morals) ceased, and the privileges of curiosity began.

He dropped back, so as to let me get on a level with him. "Fine evening for a walk, Mr. Franklin," he said, as if we had just accidentally encountered each other at that moment. "Supposing you had gone to the hotel at Frizinghall, Sir?"

"Yes?"

"I should have had the honor of breakfasting with you to-morrow morning."

"Come and breakfast with me at Hotherstone's Farm, instead."

"Much obliged to you for your kindness, Mr. Franklin. But it wasn't exactly breakfast that I was driving at. I think you mentioned that you had something to say to me? If it's no secret, Sir," said Betteredge, suddenly abandoning the crooked way, and taking the straight one, "I'm burning to know what's brought you down here, if you please, in this sudden way."

"What brought me here before?" I asked.

"The Moonstone, Mr. Franklin. But what brings you now, Sir?"

"The Moonstone again, Betteredge."

The old man suddenly stood still, and looked at me in the gray twilight as if he suspected his own ears of deceiving him.

"If that's a joke, Sir," he said, "I'm afraid I'm getting a little dull in my old age. I don't take it."

"It's no joke," I answered. "I have come here to take up the inquiry which was dropped when I left England. I have come here to do what nobody has done yet—to find out who took the Diamond."

"Let the Diamond be, Mr. Franklin! Take my advice, and let the Diamond be! That cursed Indian jewel has misguided every body who has come near it. Don't waste your money and your temper—in the fine spring-time of your life, Sir—by meddling with the Moonstone. How can *you* hope to succeed (saving your presence), when Sergeant Cuff himself made a mess of it? Sergeant Cuff!" repeated Betteredge, shaking his forefinger at me sternly. "The greatest policeman in England!"

"My mind is made up, my old friend. Even Sergeant Cuff doesn't daunt me.—By-the-by, I may want to speak to him, sooner or later. Have you heard any thing of him lately?"

"The Sergeant won't help you, Mr. Franklin."

"Why not?"

"There has been an event, Sir, in the police-circles, since you went away. The great Cuff has retired from business. He has got a little cottage at Dorking; and he's up to his eyes in the growing of roses. I have it in his own handwriting, Mr. Franklin. He has grown the white moss-rose, without budding it on the dog-rose first. And Mr. Begbie the gardener is to go to Dorking, and own that the Sergeant has beaten him at last."

"It doesn't much matter," I said. "I must do without Sergeant Cuff's help. And I must trust to you, at starting."

It is likely enough that I spoke rather carelessly. At any rate, Betteredge seemed to be piqued by something in the reply which I had just made to him. "You might trust to worse than me, Mr. Franklin—I can tell you that," he said, a little sharply.

The tone in which he retorted, and a certain disturbance, after he had spoken, which I detected in his manner, suggested to me that he was possessed of some information which he hesitated to communicate.

"I expect you to help me," I said, "in picking up the fragments of evidence which Sergeant Cuff has left behind him. I know you can do that. Can you do no more?"

"What more can you expect from me, Sir?" asked Betteredge, with an appearance of the utmost humility.

"I expect more—from what you said just now."

"Mere boasting, Mr. Franklin," returned the old man, obstinately. "Some people are born-boasters, and they never get over it to their dying day. I'm one of them."

There was only one way to take with him. I appealed to his interest in Rachel and his interest in me.

"Betteredge, would you be glad to hear that Rachel and I were good friends again?"

"I have served your family, Sir, to mighty little purpose, if you doubt it!"

"Do you remember how Rachel treated me before I left England?"

"As well as if it was yesterday! My lady herself wrote you a letter about it; and you were so good as to show the letter to me. It said that Miss Rachel was mortally offended with you for the part you had taken in trying to recover her jewel. And neither my lady, nor you, nor any body else could guess why."

"Quite true, Betteredge! And I come back from my travels, and find her mortally offended with me still. I knew that the Diamond was at the bottom of it last year; and I know that the Diamond is at the bottom of it now. I have tried to speak to her, and she won't see me. I have tried to write to her, and she won't answer me. How, in Heaven's name, am I to clear the matter up? The chance of searching into the loss of the Moonstone is the one chance of inquiry that Rachel herself has left me!"

Those words evidently put the case before him as he had not seen it yet. He asked a question which satisfied me that I had shaken him.

"There is no ill-feeling in this, Mr. Franklin, on your side—is there?"

"There was some anger," I answered, "when I left London. But that is all worn out now. I want to make Rachel come to an understanding with me—and I want nothing more."

"You don't feel any fear, Sir—supposing you make any discoveries—in regard to what you may find out about Miss Rachel?"

I understood the jealous belief in his young mistress which prompted those words.

"I am as certain of her as you are," I answered. "The fullest disclosure of her secret will reveal nothing that can alter her place in your estimation, or in mine."

Betteredge's last-left scruples vanished at that.

"If I am doing wrong to help you, Mr. Franklin," he exclaimed, "all I can say is—I am as innocent of seeing it as the babe unborn! I can put you on the road to discovery, if you can only go on by yourself. You remember that poor girl of ours—Rosanna Spearman?"

"Of course!"

"You always thought she had some sort of confession, in regard to this matter of the Moonstone, which she wanted to make to you?"

"I certainly couldn't account for her strange conduct in any other way."

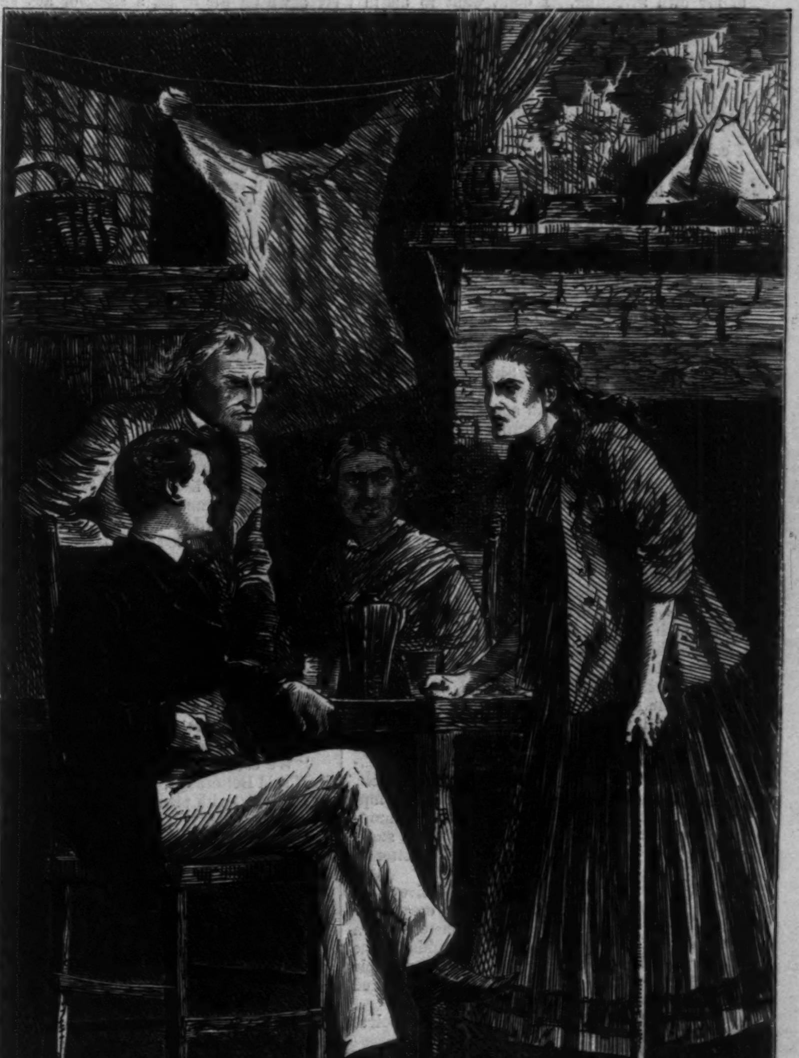
"You may set that doubt at rest, Mr. Franklin, whenever you please."

It was my turn to come to a stand-still now. I tried vainly, in the gathering darkness, to see his face. In the surprise of the moment, I asked a little impatiently what he meant.

"Steady, Sir!" proceeded Betteredge. "I mean what I say. Rosanna Spearman left a sealed letter behind her—a letter addressed to *you.*"

"Where is it?"

"In the possession of a friend of hers at



"'MR. BETTEREDGE,' SHE SAID, WITHOUT TAKING HER EYES OFF ME, 'MENTION HIS NAME AGAIN, IF YOU PLEASE.'"

Cobb's Hole. You must have heard tell, when you were here last, Sir, of Limping Lucy—a lame girl, with a crutch."

"The fisherman's daughter?"

"The same, Mr. Franklin."

"Why wasn't the letter forwarded to me?"

"Limping Lucy has a will of her own, Sir. She wouldn't give it into any hands but yours. And you had left England before I could write to you."

"Let's go back, Betteredge, and get it at once!"

"Too late, Sir, to-night. They're great savers of candles along our coast; and they go to bed early at Cobb's Hole."

"Nonsense! We might get there in half an hour."

"*You* might, Sir. And when you did get there you would find the door locked." He pointed to a light, glimmering below us; and, at the same moment, I heard through the stillness of the evening the bubbling of a stream. "There's the Farm, Mr. Franklin! Make yourself comfortable for to-night, and come to me to-morrow morning—if you'll be so kind?"

"You will go with me to the fisherman's cottage?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Early?"

"As early, Mr. Franklin, as you like."

We descended the path that led to the Farm.

CHAPTER III.

I HAVE only the most indistinct recollection of what happened at Hotherstone's Farm.

I remember a hearty welcome; a prodigious supper, which would have fed a whole village in the East; a delightfully clean bedroom, with nothing in it to regret but that detestable product of the folly of our forefathers—a feather-bed; a restless night, with much kindling of matches and many lightings of one little candle; and an immense sensation of relief when the sun rose and there was a prospect of getting up.

It had been arranged overnight with Betteredge that I was to call for him, on our way to Cobb's Hole, as early as I liked—which, interpreted by my impatience to get possession of the letter, meant as early as I could. Without waiting for breakfast at the Farm I took a crust of bread in my hand and set forth, in some doubt whether I should not surprise the excellent Betteredge in his bed. To my great relief he proved to be quite as excited about the coming event as I was. I found him ready and waiting for me, with his stick in his hand.

"How are you this morning, Betteredge?"

"Very poorly, Sir."

"Sorry to hear it. What do you complain of?"

"I complain of a new disease, Mr. Franklin, of my own inventing. I don't want to alarm you, but you're certain to catch it before the morning is out."

"The devil I am!"

"Do you feel an uncomfortable heat at the pit of your stomach, Sir? and a nasty thumping at the top of your head? Ah! not yet? It will lay hold of you at Cobb's Hole, Mr. Franklin. I call it the detective-fever; and *I* first caught it in the company of Sergeant Cuff."

"Ay! ay! and the cure in this instance is to open Rosanna Spearman's letter, I suppose? Come along, and let's get it!"

Early as it was, we found the fisherman's wife astir in her kitchen. On my presentation by Betteredge good Mrs. Yolland performed a social ceremony, strictly reserved (as I afterward learned) for strangers of distinction. She put a bottle of Dutch gin and a couple of clean pipes on the table, and opened the conversation by saying: "What news from London, Sir?"

Before I could find an answer to this immensely comprehensive question an apparition advanced toward me out of a dark corner of the kitchen. A wan, wild, haggard girl, with remarkably beautiful hair, and with a fierce keenness in her eyes, came limping up on a crutch to the table at which I was sitting, and looked at me as if I were an object of mingled interest and horror, which it quite fascinated her to see.

"Mr. Betteredge," she said, without taking her eyes off me, "mention his name again, if you please."

"This gentleman's name," answered Betteredge (with a strong emphasis on *gentleman*), "is Mr. Franklin Blake."

The girl turned her back on me and suddenly left the room. Good Mrs. Yolland, as I believe, made some apologies for her daughter's odd behavior, and Betteredge (probably) translated them into polite English. I speak of this in complete uncertainty. My attention was absorbed in following the sound of the girl's crutch. Thump-thump up the wooden stairs; thump-thump across the room above our heads; thump-thump down the stairs again—and there stood the apparition at the open door, with a letter in its hand, beckoning me out!

I left more apologies in course of delivery behind me, and followed this strange creature—limping on before me faster and faster—down the slope of the beach. She led me behind some boats, out of sight and hearing of the few people in the fishing-village, and then stopped and faced me for the first time.

"Stand there," she said. "I want to look at you."

There was no mistaking the expression on her face. I inspired her with the strongest emotions of abhorrence and disgust. Let me not be vain enough to say that no woman had ever looked at me in this manner before. I will only venture on the more modest assertion that no woman had ever let me perceive it yet. There is a limit to the length of the inspection which a man can endure, under certain circumstances. I attempted to direct Limping Lucy's attention to some less revolting object than my face.

"I think you have got a letter to give me," I began. "Is it the letter there in your hand?"

"Say that again," was the only answer I received.

I repeated the words, like a good child learning its lesson.

"No," said the girl, speaking to herself, but keeping her eyes still mercilessly fixed on me. "I can't find out what she saw in his face. I can't guess what she heard in his voice." She suddenly looked away from me, and rested her head wearily on the top of her crutch. "Oh my poor dear!" she said, in the first soft tones which had fallen from her in my hearing. "Oh my lost darling! what could you see in this man?" She lifted her head again fiercely, and looked at me once more. "Can you eat and drink?" she asked.

I did my best to preserve my gravity, and answered, "Yes."

"Can you sleep?'

"Yes."

"When you see a poor girl in service do you feel no remorse?"

"Certainly not. Why should I?"

She abruptly thrust the letter (as the phrase is) into my face.

"Take it!" she exclaimed, furiously. "I never set eyes on you before. God Almighty forbid I should ever set eyes on you again."

With those parting words she limped away from me at the top of her speed. The one interpretation that I could put on her conduct has, no doubt, been anticipated by every body. I could only suppose that she was mad.

Having reached that inevitable conclusion, I turned to the more interesting object of investigation which was presented to me by Rosanna Spearman's letter. The address was written as follows:—"For Franklin Blake, Esq. To be given into his own hands (and not to be trusted to any one else), by Lucy Yolland."

I broke the seal. The envelope contained a letter: and this, in its turn, contained a slip of paper. I read the letter first:

"SIR,—If you are curious to know the meaning of my behavior to you, while you were staying in the house of my mistress, Lady Verinder, do what you are told to do in the memorandum inclosed with this—and do it without any person being present to overlook you. Your humble servant, ROSANNA SPEARMAN."

I turned to the slip of paper next. Here is the literal copy of it, word for word:

"Memorandum:—To go to the Shivering Sand at the turn of the tide. To walk out on the South Spit, until I get the South Spit Beacon, and the flag-staff at the Coast-guard station above Cobb's Hole in a line together. To lay down on the rocks, a stick, or any straight thing to guide my hand, exactly in the line of the beacon and the flag-staff. To take care, in doing this, that one end of the stick shall be at the edge of the rocks, on the side of them which overlooks the quicksand. To feel along the stick, among the sea-weed (beginning from the end of the stick which points toward the beacon), for the Chain. To run my hand along the Chain, when found, until I come to the part of it which stretches over the edge of the rocks, down into the quicksand. *And then, to pull the chain.*"

Just as I had read the last words—underlined in the original—I heard the voice of Betteredge behind me. The inventor of the detective-fever had completely succumbed to that irresistible malady. "I can't stand it any longer, Mr. Franklin. What does her letter say? For mercy's sake, Sir, tell us what does her letter say?"

I handed him the letter and the memorandum. He read the first without appearing to be much interested in it. But the second—the memorandum—produced a strong impression on him.

"The Sergeant said it!" cried Betteredge. "From first to last, Sir, the Sergeant said she had got a memorandum of the hiding-place. And here it is! Lord save us, Mr. Franklin, here is the secret that puzzled every body, from the great Cuff downward, ready and waiting, as one may say, to show itself to *you!* It's the ebb now, Sir, as any body may see for themselves. How long will it be till the turn of the tide?" He looked up, and observed a lad at work at some little distance from us, mending a net. "Tammie Bright!" he shouted, at the top of his voice.

"I hear you!" Tammie shouted back.

"When's the turn of the tide?"

"In an hour's time."

We both looked at our watches.

"We can go round by the coast, Mr. Franklin," said Betteredge, "and get to the quicksand in that way, with plenty of time to spare. What do you say, Sir?"

"Come along."

On our way to the Shivering Sand I applied to Betteredge to revive my memory of events (as affecting Rosanna Spearman) at the period of Sergeant Cuff's inquiry. With my old friend's help I soon had the succession of circumstances clearly registered again in my mind. Rosanna's journey to Frizinghall, when the whole household believed her to be ill in her own room—Rosanna's mysterious employment of the night-time, with her door locked and her candle burning till the morning—Rosanna's suspicious purchase of the japanned tin case and the two dogs' chains from Mrs. Yolland—the Sergeant's positive conviction that Rosanna had hidden something at the Shivering Sand, and the Sergeant's absolute ignorance as to what that something could be—all these strange results of the abortive inquiry into the loss of the Moonstone, were clearly present to me again when we reached the quicksand, and walked out together on the low ledge of rocks called the South Spit.

With Betteredge's help I soon stood in the right position to see the Beacon and the Coast-guard flag-staff in a line together. Following the memorandum as our guide, we next laid my stick in the necessary direction, as neatly as we could, on the uneven surface of the rocks. And then we looked at our watches once more.

It wanted nearly twenty minutes yet of the turn of the tide. I suggested waiting through this interval on the beach, instead of on the wet and slippery surface of the rocks. Having reached the dry sand I prepared to sit down; and, greatly to my surprise, Betteredge prepared to leave me.

"What are you going away for?" I asked.

"Look at the letter again, Sir, and you will see."

A glance at the letter reminded me that I was charged, when I made my discovery, to make it alone.

"It's hard enough for me to leave you at such a time as this," said Betteredge. "But she died a dreadful death, poor soul! and I feel a kind of call on me, Mr. Franklin, to humor that fancy of hers. Besides," he added, confidentially, "there's nothing in the letter against your letting out the secret afterward. I'll hang about in the fir plantation, and wait till you pick me up. Don't be longer than you can help, Sir. The detective-fever isn't an easy disease to deal with, under *these* circumstances."

With that parting caution he left me.

The interval of expectation, short as it was when reckoned by the measure of time, assumed formidable proportions when reckoned by the measure of suspense. This was one of the occasions on which the invaluable habit of smoking becomes especially precious and consolatory. I lit a cigar, and sat down on the slope of the beach.

The sunlight poured its unclouded beauty on every object that I could see. The exquisite freshness of the air made the mere act of living and breathing a luxury. Even the lonely little bay welcomed the morning with a show of cheerfulness; and the bared wet surface of the quicksand itself, glittering with a golden brightness, hid the horror of its false brown face under a passing smile. It was the finest day I had seen since my return to England.

The turn of the tide came before my cigar was finished. I saw the preliminary heaving of the Sand, and then the awful shiver that crept over its surface—as if some spirit of terror lived and moved and shuddered in the fathomless deeps beneath. I threw away my cigar and went back again to the rocks.

My directions in the memorandum instructed me to feel along the line traced by the stick, beginning with the end which was nearest to the beacon.

I advanced in this manner more than half-way along the stick, without encountering any thing but the edges of the rocks. An inch or two further on, however, my patience was rewarded. In a narrow little fissure, just within reach of my forefinger, I felt the chain. Attempting, next, to follow it by touch in the direction of the quicksand, I found my progress stopped by a thick growth of sea-weed—which had fastened itself into the fissure, no doubt, in the time that had elapsed since Rosanna Spearman had chosen her hiding-place.

It was equally impossible to pull up the sea-weed or to force my hand through it. After marking the spot indicated by the end of the stick which was placed nearest to the quicksand, I determined to pursue the search for the chain on a plan of my own. My idea was to "sound" immediately under the rocks, on the chance of recovering the lost trace of the chain at the point at which it entered the sand. I took up the stick and knelt down on the brink of the South Spit.

In this position my face was within a few feet of the surface of the quicksand. The sight of it so near me, still disturbed at intervals by its hideous shivering fit, shook my nerves for the moment. A horrible fancy that the dead woman might appear on the scene of her suicide to assist my search—an unutterable dread of seeing her rise through the heaving surface of the sand and point to the place—forced itself into my mind, and turned me cold in the warm sunlight. I own I closed my eyes at the moment when the point of the stick first entered the quicksand.

The instant afterward, before the stick could have been submerged more than a few inches, I was free from the hold of my own superstitious terror, and was throbbing with excitement from head to foot. Sounding blindfold, at my first attempt—at that first attempt I had sounded right! The stick struck the chain.

Taking a firm hold of the roots of the sea-weed with my left hand, I laid myself down over the brink, and felt with my right hand under the overhanging edges of the rock. My right hand found the chain.

I drew it up without the slightest difficulty. And there was the japanned tin case fastened to the end of it.

The action of the water had so rusted the chain that it was impossible for me to unfasten it from the hasp which attached it to the case. Putting the case between my knees, and exerting my utmost strength, I contrived to draw off the cover. Some white substance filled the whole interior when I looked in. I put in my hand and found it to be linen.

In drawing out the linen I also drew out a letter crumpled up with it. After looking at the direction, and discovering that it bore my name, I put the letter in my pocket and completely removed the linen. It came out in a thick roll, moulded, of course, to the shape of the case in which it had been so long confined, and perfectly preserved from any injury by the sea.

I carried the linen to the dry sand of the beach, and there unrolled and smoothed it out. There was no mistaking it as an article of dress. It was a night-gown.

The uppermost side, when I spread it out, presented to view innumerable folds and creases, and nothing more. I tried the undermost side next, and instantly discovered the smear of the paint from the door of Rachel's boudoir!

My eyes remained riveted on the stain, and my mind took me back at a leap from present to past. The very words of Sergeant Cuff recurred to me, as if the man himself was at my side again, pointing to the unanswerable inference which he drew from the smear on the door:

"Find out whether there is any article of dress in this house with the stain of the paint on it. Find out who that dress belongs to. Find out how the person can account for having been in the room, and smeared the paint, between midnight and three in the morning. If the person can't satisfy you, you haven't far to look for the hand that took the Diamond."

One after another those words traveled over my memory, repeating themselves again and again with a wearisome, mechanical reiteration. I was roused from what felt like a trance of many hours—from what was really, no doubt, the pause of a few moments only—by a voice calling to me. I looked up, and saw that Betteredge's patience had failed him at last. He was just visible between the sand-hills, returning to the beach.

The old man's appearance recalled me, the moment I perceived it, to my sense of present things, and reminded me that the inquiry which I had pursued thus far still remained incomplete. I had discovered the smear on the night-gown. To whom did the night-gown belong?

My first impulse was to consult the letter in my pocket—the letter which I had found in the case.

As I raised my hand to take it out I remembered that there was a shorter way to discovery than this. The night-gown itself would reveal the truth; for, in all probability, the night-gown was marked with its owner's name.

I took it up from the sand and looked for the mark. I found the mark, and read—

MY OWN NAME!

There were the familiar letters which told me that the night-gown was mine. I looked up from them. There was the sun; there were the glittering waters of the bay; there was old Betteredge, advancing nearer and nearer to me. I looked back again at the letters. My own name. Plainly confronting me—my own name.

"If time, pains, and money can do it, I will lay my hand on the thief who took the Moonstone"—I had left London with those words on my lips. I had penetrated the secret which the quicksand had kept from every other living creature. And, on the unanswerable evidence of the paint-stain, I had discovered Myself as the Thief.

PATTY'S MISTAKE.

YOU would never have dreamed it, never in the world; but my sister Patty was really one of the most impulsive persons I have ever met! She was always plunging headlong into some scheme that seized upon her fancy, or into which some designing person, knowing her weakness, had inveigled her. Itinerant impostors with eyeless needles, pins as pointless as the jokes of a would-be wit, shoe-laces from which the tags departed upon the first trial—all these seemed to land at our door and victimize Patty.

You will perhaps smile as you read this; so may I; but true tears shine in my eyes as well. I glance at this sister of mine as she sits with the fire-light glinting on her busy needle, darning with consummate patience the most trying orifices in the stockings of the writer. Who but she could make those gaping holes neat and presentable? You would hardly imagine, from her face, what sort of a person she might be; for the lines are very clear and quiet, the eyes tender, gray, the whole expression that of peace rather than repose—the peace that "passeth all understanding." But then the mouth? If you would read character with any degree of accuracy, always observe the mouth. My sister's is as sensitive as that of a child—just as eager, just as credulous, as full of faith. But never, never around any child's mouth is such an expression of pathos, of yearning. Ah! never such a record of deep suffering patiently borne as stands written in lines of untold loveliness about the sweet mouth of this, my elder sister.

You will understand, then, why it was that the little urchins in the street asked her for "pennies," and put out their hands, frosty, red as winter apples with the cold, sure that the penny would be forthcoming. You will understand why it was that people who were sick or in trouble always sent for Patty.

She knew as well as any body that people imposed upon her; but then she liked them none the worse for it: the main idea that animated her life was that of "helping other people along." Let her help you in some way, and she was the obliged party, and felt grateful to you for the privilege. Perhaps there had been a time when her life had held other hopes besides these; a beautiful season, when it was early spring-time with her heart, when the birds sang, and the violets bloomed in sunlight. The birds had stopped their singing, maybe, and if the violets bloomed, one guessed it was above a grave; but since she said nothing of all this neither shall I, except as I must tell the story of what befell us in our quiet home.

It was a very quiet home, in a little country town, where we had always lived. Our house was a rambling, old-fashioned affair, built by my father years ago. There had been plenty of birdlings in the nest, but they were all gone now, only Patty and myself left. So we lived in the old rookery still; poor as church mice we were, but we contrived to be happy after a fashion of our own. We made roaring fires in the old-fashioned grates, but what became of the heat it was hard to say; I suppose it all went up the chimney, just where it wasn't wanted. So Patty and I wrapped shawls around ourselves, and made light of the matter. The doors, too, wanted to be re-hung of a cold winter's day; how the draughts came in, biting one's feet! and if it snowed what white flakes would drift in through the cracks, and lodge in the great, barn-like entries! Well, well; this was all very healthy, laughed we; plenty of fresh air, at all events.

This philosophy answered the purpose until one afternoon—I sha'n't say one *unlucky* afternoon, because that's a bad expression, and, besides, the sequel proved otherwise. One afternoon, then, I let Patty proceed alone to the one scene of dissipation in which we permitted ourselves to indulge, viz.: that useful branch of festivity known as the "Dorcas Meeting." I saw her depart with misgivings; it was an uncommon thing for us to be separated at any time, especially on these occasions; but how could I help myself? Marian, our plump little maid-of-all-work—a misnomer in this instance, as Patty and myself did all the work worth speaking of—had been sent for—wanted at home. There were various odds and ends to be attended to, so, as I was the youngest, I got the reticule, put in thimble, scissors, etc.—I always attended to these small items—and dispatched Patty to the field of action. If I had dreamed for a moment what the result would be!

Patty came home from the meeting a trifle earlier than usual, and with her bonnet edged a little bit to one side, as if it had been put on in a fit of desperation; just as a man, under similar circumstances, claps his hat close down over his eyes.

"Elizabeth, I've done it!" was her exclamation, as she entered.

"Done what, Patty?"

"I expect you'll be amazed."

"Patty, you haven't gone and invited that Dorcas Society to meet here? I can't—I won't believe that!"

"Elizabeth, that's exactly what I have done; and now, all that's left to us is to make the best of it."

I was simply confounded. For a space silence reigned; then I opened a solemn battery, as follows:

"Patty, have you considered that we want a new stair-carpet, that we haven't chairs enough, or plates enough, or cups enough? Have you considered that the back-room up stairs hasn't any carpet at all on it, good, bad, or indifferent?"

"I've been expecting all the time we should have been able to buy one," interpolated my victim.

"All very well, Patty; but the time hasn't come yet when we have had any money to spare, and I don't know when it will! Have you considered that we live in an old barn of a house, with fires that won't warm it, that we've got no rugs in the parlors, and nothing as it ought to be?"

"The parlor carpets are very pretty, though, Elizabeth," said my poor sister, in a voice that quivered.

"But while you were about it, why did you pick out the coldest weather? and why did you select our house after that of Mrs. Rawlins, who is rich, who is splendid, who has every comfort and luxury?" ended I, jumbling every thing together, as women will when they wish to be especially aggravating.

I say I "ended" thus. For the truth was, that as I regarded my sister, I beheld large, round tears, betokening extreme distress, falling down her cheeks.

I made a rush then, threw my arms around her neck, and exclaimed, "Patty, stop crying, and I'll not say a word more. Just tell me how it came about?"

"There was no other place for it—I mean the Society—to meet. And I—and I thought they all looked at me, and in a moment of desperation I said we'd have it, and they all took it up at once."

"Of course, curiosity," I muttered.

Then I grew desperate too, and said, defiantly, "Well, let them come!" as if the members of the said meeting, one and all, were a set of vampires, or ghouls, or dreadful savages of one sort or another.

Then Patty and I sat down and talked the matter over as to the hows and wherefores, so that we might not be disgraced and put to open shame.

Should we set a regular tea-table, or should we pass the tea round? The latter carried the day. It was an innovation, to be sure, for the time-honored custom was, at a given signal from the lady of the house, to proceed in solemn state down stairs to a table set forth with frigid splendor, in its "company" silver, china, etc., which we surrounded in silence—a feminine conclave, without one masculine present to stimulate conversation, or give zest to the meal; in my heart I always sympathize with a man when he declares that he abhors "tea-parties."

This point settled, another difficulty dawned upon us. "Elizabeth, we have no silver."

I stared at Patty, then said, with some degree of bitterness: "You're to blame for that, you know; you would sell the silver—our mother's silver—to pay our father's debts."

"I know it. I had no choice. We are poor enough, but then we are honest. We owe no human creature a farthing—always remember that, Elizabeth."

"Patty, I never could find out who bought that silver."

A grave look came into my sister's eyes, a very gentle flush into her cheek; I knew what she was thinking of when she looked so; or, rather, I always had known heretofore, but I was puzzled now.

"I have sometimes thought," said she, with a quiver in her voice, "that perhaps somebody we knew had purchased it, and that some time or another I should have money enough to buy it back."

"Dear me, that's just like you!" sighed I.

Poor dear Patty! she was always having visions of this kind. She had keen æsthetic tastes, loved the beautiful so dearly. She was all the time illuminating our poverty with the thought of some golden period that should presently arrive, when all her pet ideas could be carried out, and our home made the earthly paradise she would have it become. What beautiful flowers she would have, what charming nicknacks, such as all women love. Oh, it was as good as a novel to listen to her dreamings! No child over a fairy-book ever pictured such delights as Patty. For to us all these things seemed wildly beautiful, because beyond our reach; we could hardly realize that to many people they were everyday matters, nothing heeded, nothing thought of, never worth a moment of thanksgiving to Him who had created this love for the beautiful in the soul made after His own image!

The next day was Sunday. I watched Patty in church, and could see that, notwithstanding the time and place, the Dorcas Meeting was the uppermost thought in her mind. I knew by the wrinkles in her forehead the exact calculation she was making, and as she glanced over at the Rawlins's pew, I knew she was devoutly hoping that the portly figure of Mrs. Rawlins would be absent from the next meeting. For we poor folk all dreaded the splendid Mrs. Rawlins, and wished to steer clear of her, as little minnows try to keep out of the way of the larger fish. Dear me! this magnificent lady might dispatch poor little us at a mouthful—her splendor engulfed every thing as in a maelstrom.

The next day we sat in our back-parlor, striving to be very cheerful; but I think we both felt as if our hearts were freighted with lead, instead of the lively currents that were wont to ebb back and forth.

Patty had just said, "Never mind, Elizabeth, it's always darkest just before day," when the door-bell chirped after a comical fashion it had of its own, and Marian let in the sweetest girl in all the town—Alice Starbright.

The face carried out the name. Surely no star ever gleamed more sweetly upon any wanderer, leading him toward rest and comfort, than did this of Allie's, always smiling, always tender, bright. Ay, even now, though she wore garments of deep mourning. She had lost her father only a month ago, yet for all that the shadow of her grief was suffered to rest upon no other heart—the cross had been sent to her alone, and she bore it with a gentle bravery most beautiful to see.

Patty kissed the lovely girl-face first on one cheek, then on the other, then gave way to me with that light flush on her cheek, and that intent look in her eyes that Allie's coming always brought to her countenance. Allie's father had once upon a time been my sister Patty's lover; and with her to love once was to love always.

"So you're going to have the Dorcas Meeting here?" was Allie's first greeting.

"Yes," we answered, striving to look cheerful with all our might.

"I heard of it last week," continued Allie, laughing.

"Of course," grumbled I; "every thing of that kind travels fast—bad news especially."

Allie laughed again. It wasn't like her to be unsympathetic, but she seemed delighted with that soft, sweet delight she always showed when she was going to make somebody happy.

"Let's see. It's to meet to-morrow afternoon. Cake all made?"

"Yes, indeed," said Patty, with that bright, tender glow on her face she always wore for Allie.

Then she must needs bring a plate of cakes for Allie to taste—crisp, home-made biscuits, such as only Patty could make; crumpets, delicate brown, melting in one's mouth; and frosted sponge-cake.

"These are all fit for a queen," said Allie, tasting, with gusto.

"Yes," cogitated Patty, "the cake will answer, if the rest only matched."

"I've got a favor to ask," said Allie, growing grave all at once. "You're not either of you used to Dorcas Meetings. Now I know just the *modus operandi*. Aunt Mary is ill, and wants to see you both ever so much. Now you go there in the morning, and don't get back here until the afternoon, just about dusk, say; the people do not come before then, and if I don't have every thing in beautiful order my name's not Alice Starbright!"

At first we declared this to be impossible; but Allie coaxed, and then Patty gave in. I followed suit, for I began to see there was something beneath it all. When she had attained her object, Allie ran away, but I noticed before she went that she nestled close up to Patty, and kissed her many, many times.

The next morning found us on our way to Aunt Mary's. Patty, who was never more at home than when she was going to a sick-room, carried a little brown basket on her arm. How many pilgrimages that little brown basket made in the course of the year! and what comfort it always held for invalids!

The day slipped away, Patty as busy as a bee, setting things to rights, and making Aunt Mary comfortable in every direction, until the shadows began to fall and grow deeper. Then we trudged home again, in a queer mood both of us.

What a sweet face it was that met us at the door—that led us in—and to such a transformation! Wonder of wonders! what did it all mean? In the old-fashioned grates, leaping, dancing fires cracked and sparkled, and before them glowed crimson rugs of softest velvet. In the windows swung moss baskets of trailing creepers and bright-hued blossoms. On the oaken side-board gleamed, most wonderful of all, our mother's silver!

Patty knew it at once. She ran to it, she kissed each separate piece, and gave it a little hug of delight. Then I knew how much it had cost her to part with it, how proud and pure the honor that would let no stain be left upon our father's memory.

Allie drew us to the fire, and, one hand in each of ours, said:

"Dear friends, you will not refuse me the comfort of pleasing you? How dear you both are I can not tell; how dear one of you must ever be to me, I can only show in deeds. Before my father died he told me the story. How dear Patty had been to him; how she was to have been my mother. I think he loved her all through these years. He told me, too, that he had bought the silver, but dared not offer it in his lifetime; he knew Patty too well for that; when he was dead and gone, she would take it from his daughter, and keep it for the father's sake."

By this time Allie and I were both crying. Patty shed no tears, but smiled softly, sweetly, brightly, as the angels may, then held out her arms to Allie Starbright. Allie nestled in them. She had lost her mother years ago, and now that her father had gone, there was no room for empty gossip—Patty could be her mother in very deed and truth.

Perhaps you may ask why Patty and Joseph Starbright, Allie's father, had never got married. I can not tell you; it seems to me that hearts that are dearest in this world are forever held apart. God help us all! how we drift away from those we prize the fondest! Hush! there is no loss even here. Remember, we are only children, the best of us, and what we would soil or mar God puts out of reach for the present. Trustful hearts, we shall have it all back again by-and-by.

The meeting came and enjoyed itself wonderfully, and staid later than it had ever staid at any body's before. The fires warmed the sitting-rooms, the young people played their old-fashioned games with the best grace imaginable, and the dreaded Mrs. Rawlins staid at home.

So, after all the worriment, the cogitations, the tears, the end of Patty's Mistake was unmitigated delight. From henceforward I never mean to worry any more. It's wicked, and a waste of time besides. For there's a best to every worst, and where the shadows fall the thickest it's a sure sign that there the light is brightest!

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE report on silk and silk manufactures, by Mr. Elliot C. Cowdin, United States Commissioner to the Paris Exposition, is full of exceedingly interesting facts. The entire report is eminently worthy of a careful reading. Among the topics concisely discussed are the rise and progress of silk industry in the United States, in France, England, and other European countries, as well as in Asia and Africa; the rearing of silk-worms; the state of the silk-worm malady, and the remedies proposed; and various specialties embraced by silk industry in the Exposition, and in practice. By a careful analysis given, it appears that the manufacture of silk, as it exists in countries the most advanced in the art, embraces seven special branches of industry, namely: the rearing of the silk-worms; the filature, or reeling of the silk from the cocoons; the throwing, or spinning of the silk thread; the dyeing of the silk; the preparation of the silk threads for the looms; the weaving of silk goods; the spinning of waste silk.

America can hope to excel in these industries whenever she resolutely wills it, and devotes to them that energy and skill which have placed her in the first rank among nations for certain of her inventions and manufactures. In regard to the spinning and dyeing of the silk, utilizing silk waste, and the automatic weaving of plain stuffs the United States may, without difficulty, make and keep a high position among the more experienced nations of Europe.

In regard to the specialties of rearing the silk-worms, reeling the cocoons into raw silk, and the weaving of figured goods, time will be necessary to obtain the experience requisite to complete success. Yet many sections of the United States have been proved to be admirably adapted to the growth of the mulberry-tree; and there is every reason to hope that the epidemic prevailing among silk-worms in European countries will not extend to our own. The reeling of the cocoons into raw silk constitutes, perhaps, one of the processes the most difficult to teach, and especially in localities wanting in experience in this particular branch of silk industry. The superiority of the French and Italian silks over Asiatic silks is greatly owing to the perfection of reeling. The success of this process depends in a large measure upon the care and watchfulness of the attendant, especially so far as the perfection of the product is concerned. Nevertheless, the country which produces the most skillful and careful spinners of wool and cotton manufactures will not despair eventually of arriving at the successful production of the many kinds of silk goods so clearly within its province.

Though long and patient study will be necessary to produce articles of sufficient novelty and artistic skill to compete with European industry, yet a most successful beginning has been made, and progress is rapid. The prospect is that before long this important industry will be firmly established and diligently prosecuted in many sections of our country.

In general, about this time of year, we have ominous croakings from all parts of the land that the fruit crop will be "unusually" meagre—the peach-buds have been nipped by the frost, apples look poorly, pears are blighted, and berries of all kinds winter-killed—are the current rumors. But this year, strange to say, although the season has been backward, a good report is brought from various sections of the country. Strawberries, raspberries, and blackberries bid fair to yield abundantly, only we must be patient for their coming, for the warm days have been shy of appearing thus far. Peaches and apples, as well as other fruit, give fair promise of a good crop.

One of the daily newspapers comments very sensibly upon "The Woman's Club" organized in this city, in connection with the opening speech of its President. Among other things it remarks that there really does not seem to be the least objection to such a club, "except that it appears to us that a club-house open to both ladies and gentlemen would be the more sensible as well as the more delightful institution. It is not for us to obtrude our opinion, but we are inclined to think that a mixed club of men and women, with an elegant house, attractive library, well-appointed reading-room, and a smoking-room at the very top of the building, is rather to be desired than an exclusive society of ladies, from which we sterner creatures are regularly locked out." Very true, indeed—an exceedingly reasonable "opinion." But is it not a little singular that none of the "sterner creatures" above mentioned ever discovered that a "club-house open to both ladies and gentlemen" would be a sensible institution until an exclusive "Woman's Club" was established? If an "elegant house" had been thrown open to women, and they cordially invited to participate in its advantages with the gentlemen, perhaps they would not have taken the trouble to organize a club of their own.

There is now on exhibition in London a "blue horse," which is fourteen and a half hands high, and has no trace of hair on any part of its body. Its skin is smooth and delicate, feeling to the touch like India rubber, and very warm, and forms in curious wrinkles when the animal moves. It is of a purplish gray color over the greater part of the body; its face is buff, and there is a large patch of the same color extending over half the back, with numerous blotches; the tail resembles that of a pig. At a distance it looks as if formed of some variety of rare Oriental marble. It was obtained by a merchant on the Gaboon River, and is about eight years old. When first captured it was entirely blue, with the exception of one foot; but the blue color has gradually diminished since it was brought to England.

The Memphis *Post* gives an interesting sketch of an enterprising colored man by the name of Latting, who was born a slave in Chicot County, Arkansas, and is now the owner of nearly nine hundred acres of rich land in that vicinity. When twenty-eight years of age he bought his own freedom and that of his wife for fifteen hundred dollars. Having been allowed to hire his time, he had then accumulated some little money, and in two years was enabled to pay off the entire sum. He then learned the trade of a gin-wright, and at the same time attempted to learn to read. When he had mastered his trade he determined to educate himself, and went to school at Oberlin, Ohio. Having obtained a good business education, he moved to Chatham, Canada West, and bought three farms, in three different townships, besides a house and lot in the village of Chatham. In 1864 he went to St. Louis to hunt up his relatives, having sold most of his real estate. He opened an eating-house in Cairo, in which he made money, and finally bought a valuable plantation near the mouth of the St. Francis River. Mr. Latting is quiet and unassuming, values his word, and pays his debts. His career is certainly a cheering encouragement to every colored man who will be honest, industrious, and enterprising.

A foolish controversy has been going on for two years past in a New England town over a matter originally not exceeding twenty-five cents in value. Fifteen hundred dollars have already been expended in the courts about it, and no prospect as yet of settlement. The parties are said to be church-members, and wealthy; but it would seem from report that religion does not enter into their business relations.

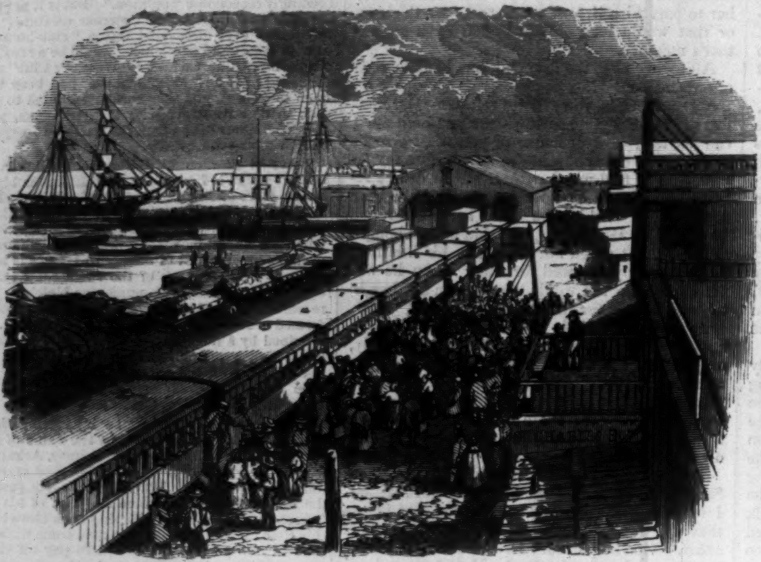
In a discourse recently delivered at the New England Church in this city, upon the practicability of serving God acceptably in the ordinary business of life, the preacher remarked: "The other day a young man told me that one evening after he had started to go to his business he recollected that it was the night appointed for the prayer-meeting. And a contest arose in his mind whether he should go to his place of business and serve the world, or to the prayer-meeting and serve Christ; but at length he concluded to go to the prayer-meeting. Perhaps this young man was right, in this instance, to attend the prayer-meeting. It is often right to go to the prayer-meeting. But one thing is certain, if your business is serving the world, and attending the prayer-meeting is serving Christ, and the two are continually interfering, you need either to apply yourself to recasting your business until it harmonizes with your religion, or else to remodel your conception of religion until its exercises shall aid and strengthen you in the duties of your business."

From recent reports it appears that there are now about 17,000 pupils gratuitously educated in the municipal schools of Naples. In 1861 only 3000 were thus educated.

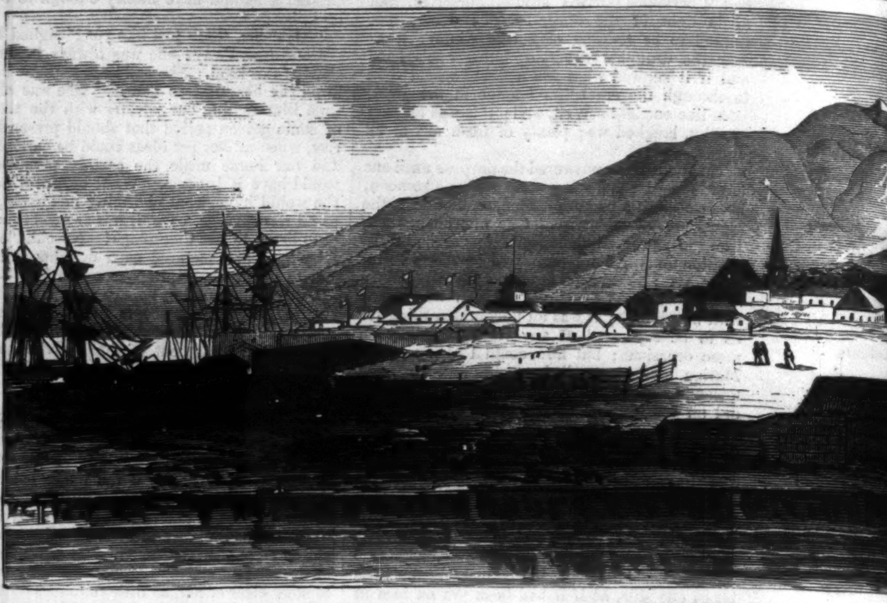
Although great natural advantages are afforded in the United States by the vast area of unoccupied land and the variety of flower blossoms, yet comparatively nothing has been done in the matter of distilling perfumes from flowers grown on American soil. In Italy, Greece, and Sicily large tracts of land are given up to the exclusive cultivation of flowers of all varieties, from which the manufacturers of perfumery in Paris and London procure the delicate and aromatic odors which give the desired staple *bouquet* to their dainty distillations. These extensive flower farms of Southern Europe furnish employment for thousands of persons, especially women, and annually net thousands of dollars to the cultivators. But in this country, as a general thing, all the ingredients used in the manufacture of perfumery are imported. Perfumers complain that there is no sale for articles which are known to be manufactured here, although often they are better and cheaper than those offered to the general public in large European cities. So foreign bottles are imported in many cases, and filled with home distillations. Yet there are a few American firms which are prominent as manufacturers, and their colognes and other perfumes have become justly celebrated. With fine, imported ingredients the American manufacturer guarantees to produce articles in every way equal to those in the French and English market. And it is understood that distillation from our own flowers is a matter under consideration, and to a limited extent experiments are being tried. As we have blossoms wholly unknown in Europe, strange and delightful essences might be the result of careful experiment.

A Paris restaurant has obtained a rarity in the shape of edible nests from China. The nests are quite white, take their owners two months to build, and cost about a franc each in China. They are gathered twice a year, and taken away before the eggs are deposited. About thirty millions are annually exported.

Much more capital is invested by New York merchants in foreign fruits and nuts than is generally supposed. These commodities come to us in all shapes from all parts of the world. The best raisins come from Malaga; which place also sends us lemons and figs. Sicily also produces lemons, and Smyrna and Naples produce figs. Oranges come from Sicily and the West Indies. The best dates come from Africa, though a few are brought from Arabia. Olives come from Spain and France. Spanish olives are regarded as the best. Prunes come from France and Turkey. Pine-apples, pomegranates, bananas, and cocoa-nuts come from the West Indies. The best pecan nuts are brought from Texas; and pea-nuts from Africa, Virginia, and the Carolinas. Filberts come from Naples, Barcelona, and Sicily, and South America sends us Brazil nuts. Languedoc and Spain produce almonds for our market. The best are what are termed "Princess paper shells." The so-called English walnuts come from France and Italy. Currants are brought from the Grecian Isles; and it is said that raisins and currants are imported in larger quantities than any other foreign fruits.



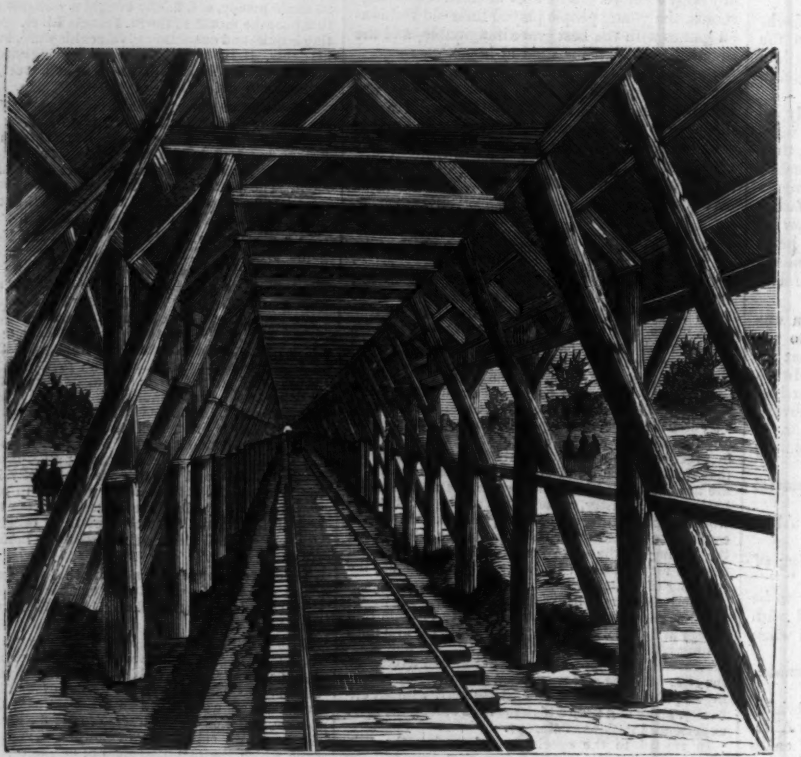
ASPINWALL, NEW GRANADA, CENTRAL AMERICA.



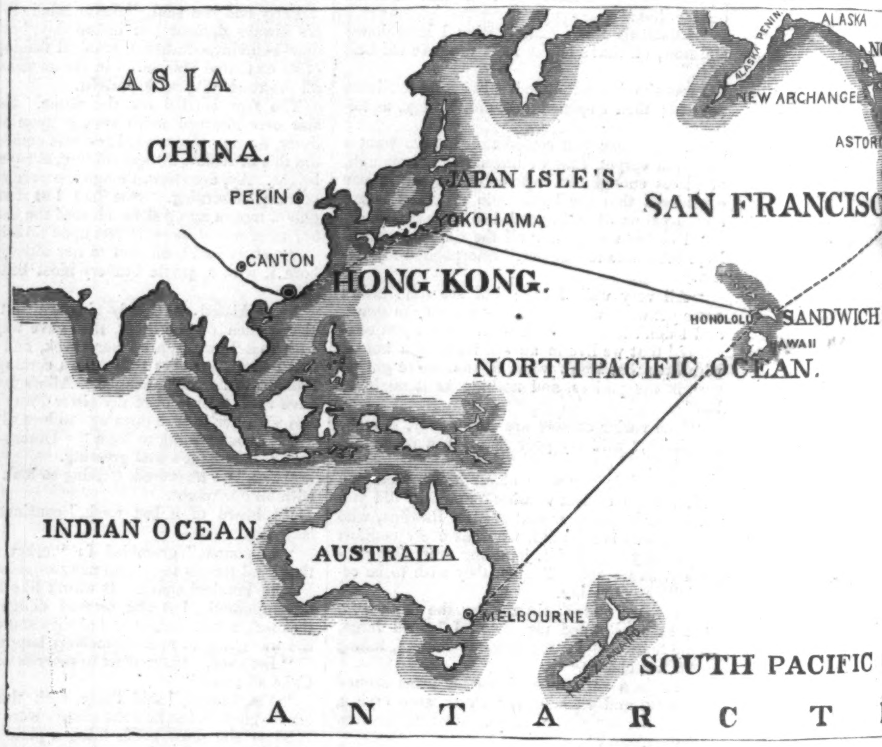
HONOLULU, HAWAII, SANDWIC

COMMERCIAL RELATIONS OF NEW YORK.

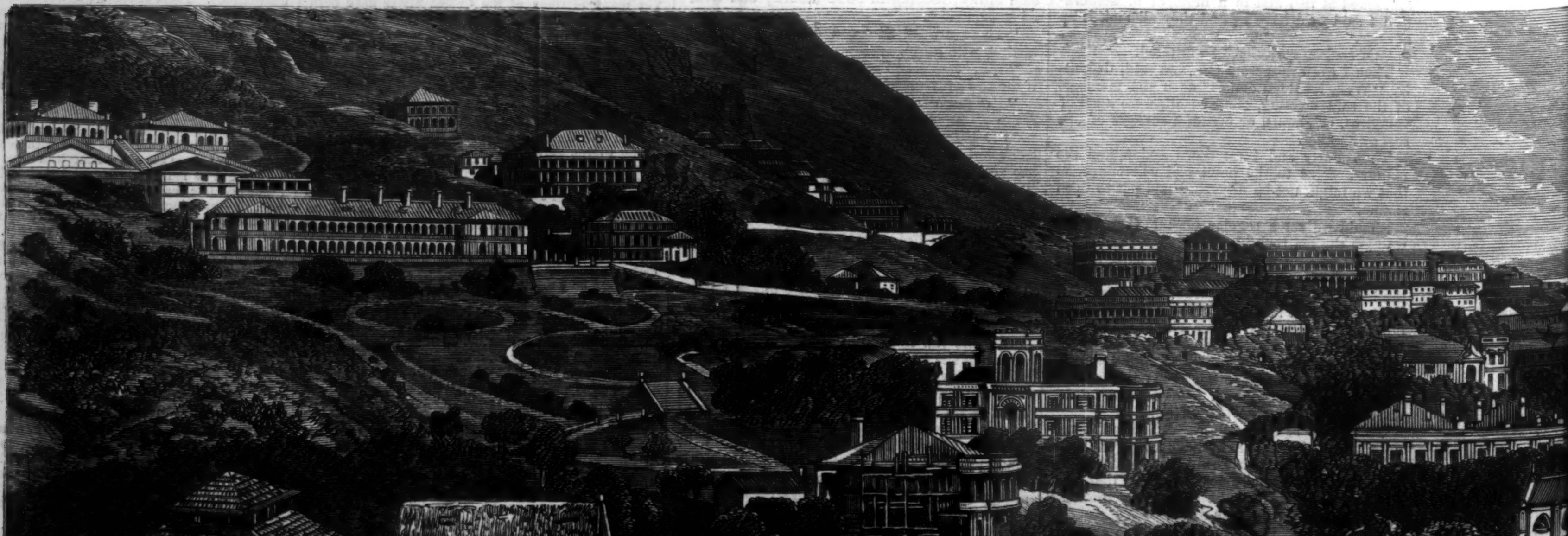
THE union of the Oldest Empire and the Youngest Republic—the richest of uncivilized and the most enterprising of civilized nations—is almost a fact accomplished by the peculiar diplomatic relations established through the agency of Hon. ANSON BURLINGAME and the commercial changes daily occurring in consequence of the extension of the Pacific Railroads. These and other events have been for some time past combining to bring the people of China and the East and America into freer and more intimate diplomatic and commercial relations. And some of these events are tending, also, to extend and increase the importance of our relations with Europe. The Un
States have become the great highway between W
ern Europe and Eastern Asia; and New York is
idly becoming the "world's great mart"—the ce
of the commercial world. Our own vast empir



SNOW SHED ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

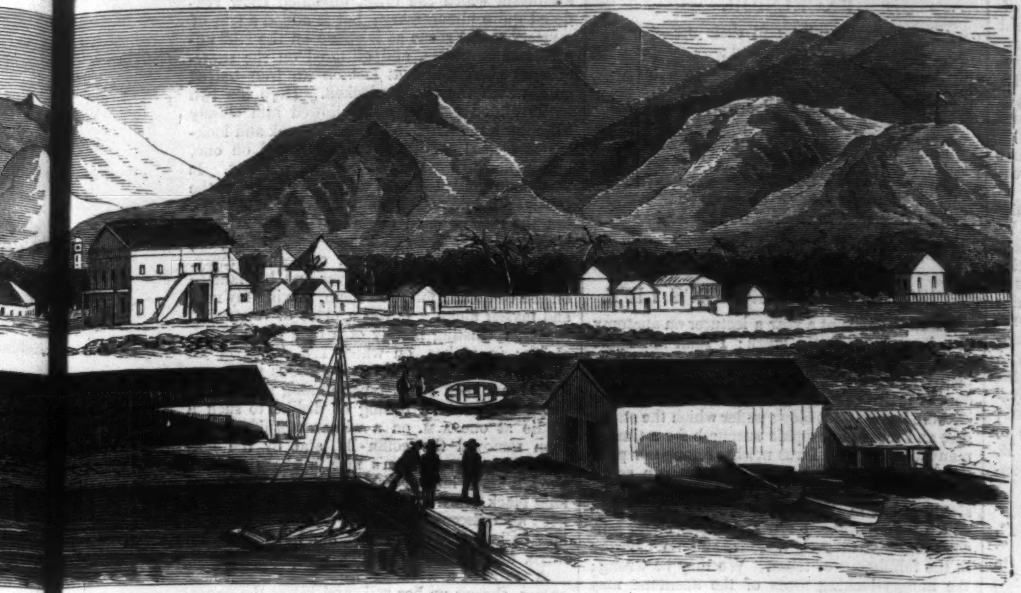

ASIA
CHINA.
PEKIN
CANTON
HONG KONG.
JAPAN ISLE'S.
YOKOHAMA
ALASKA PENIN.
ALASKA
NEW ARCHANGEL
ASTORI
SAN FRANCISC
HONOLOLU
SANDWICH
HAWAII
NORTH PACIFIC OCEAN.
INDIAN OCEAN
AUSTRALIA
MELBOURNE
NEW ZEALAND
SOUTH PACIFIC
A N T A R C T

MAP OF THE WORLD ON MERCATOR'S PROJECTION, SHOWING THE

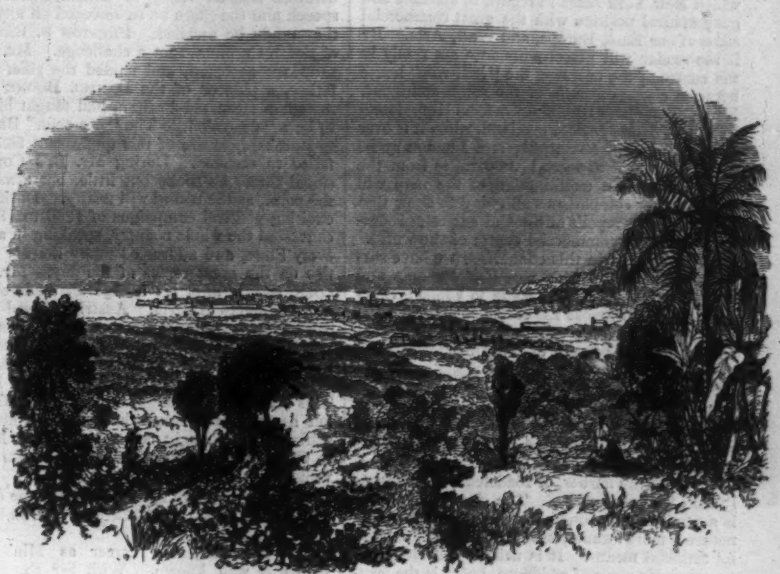


CITY OF VICTO

COMMERCIAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION OF NEW YORK TO EUROPE AND ASIA, WI



DWICH LANDS.—[Sketched by R. B. Livingston.]



PANAMA, NEW GRANADA, CENTRAL AMERICA.

The Uni
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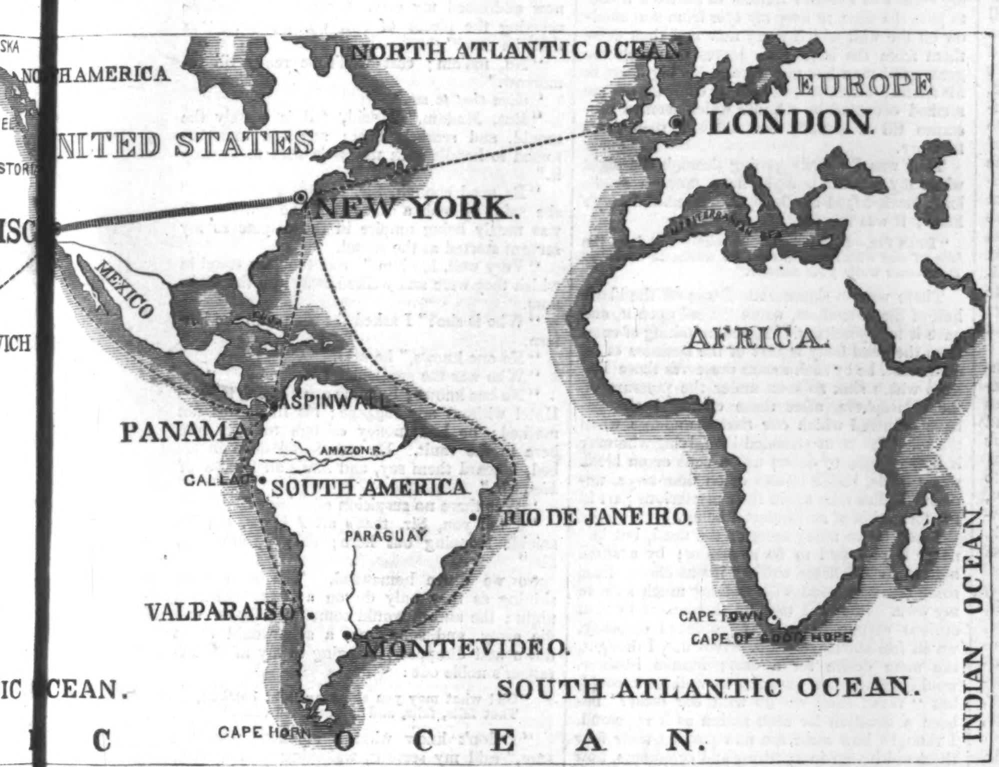
empire

rapidly increasing in population and developing in wealth, natural commerce, manufactures, and agriculture; indeed, it is becoming apparent that the whole Pacific coast must soon become ours, thus extending our actual territory. The immigration to the Pacific coast of the United States from China and India bids fair to rival that to its Eastern borders from Europe; and at this moment there are 10,000 Chinese laborers actively engaged on the Pacific Railroad in bringing their country nearer to our own. In two years more, it is safe to say, New York will be within 26 days of Hong Kong, thus establishing a route for trade and travel shorter by more than a fortnight than the swiftest route now existing, that by way of Aspinwall and Panama.

In view of the increasing importance of our new diplomatic arrangements and the revolutionizing of our commercial relations with China and the East, we have given on this page an outline map of a portion of the world, showing at a glance the relation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NORTH ATLANTIC OCEAN
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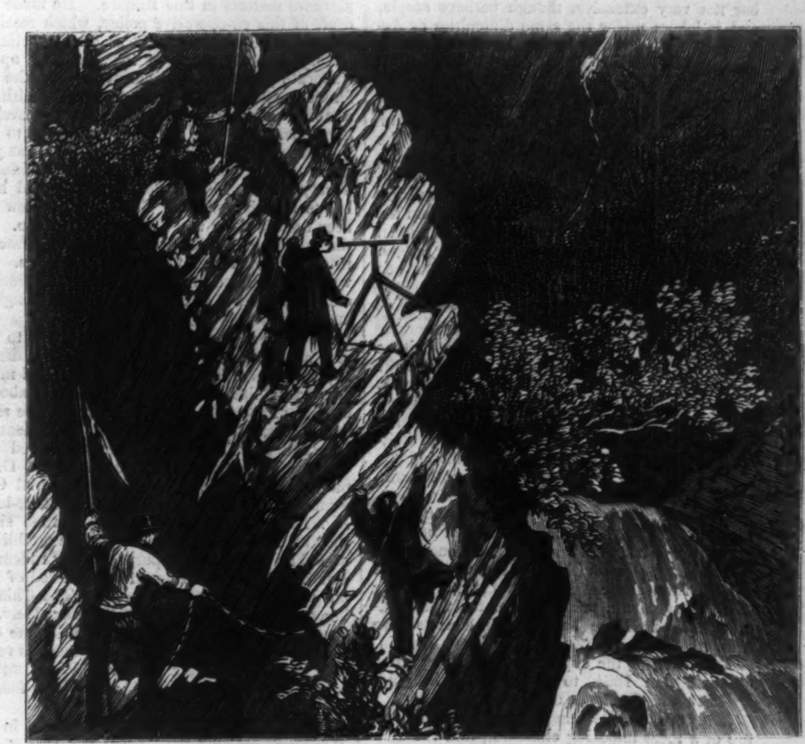
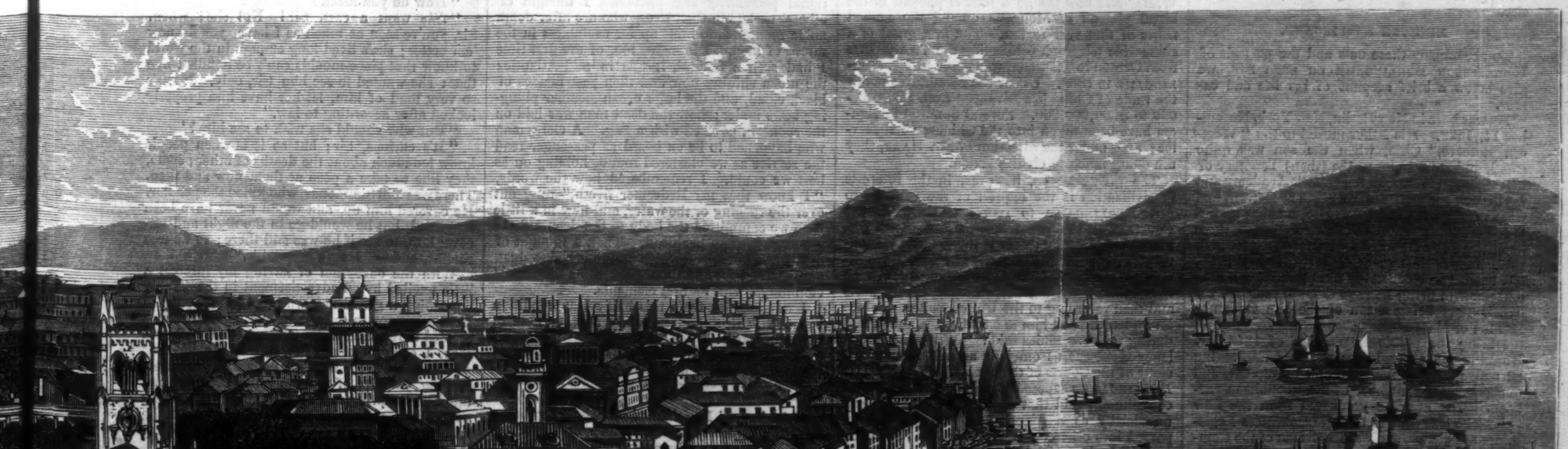
MEDITERRANEAN SEA
AFRICA.
ASPINWALL
PANAMA
AMAZON R.
CALLAO
SOUTH AMERICA
RIO DE JANEIRO.
PARAGUAY
VALPARAISO
MONTEVIDEO.
CAPE TOWN
CAPE OF GOOD HOPE
IC CEAN.
SOUTH ATLANTIC OCEAN.
INDIAN OCEAN
C
CAPE HORN
O C E A N.

THE GRAPHICAL RELATION OF NEW YORK AND THE REST OF THE UNIVERSE.



SURVEYING FOR THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD IN HUMBOLDT PASS.



CTO IA, HONG KONG, CHINA.

WITH VIEWS OF HONG KONG, HONOLULU, ASPINWALL, PANAMA, AND ON THE PACIFIC RAILROAD.

which New York bears in regard to distance and geographical position with the great commercial cities of *our* East, Europe, and West, Asia. By it the reader will perceive that we are really in the centre of the universe, the "half-way" house between either extreme of the same continent. New York is about 10,000 miles from Hong Hong by way of San Francisco overland, while it is over 13,000 by way of Aspinwall; and London by its shortest route is at least 17,000 miles from the same point. An examination of the map will suggest other comparisons all going to show that the present metropolis of the United States is destined to be the commercial centre of the world.

As of interest in this connection we have surrounded this map with views of Panama and Aspinwall on the present route to China; views on the railroad across the continent, and a large view of Hong Kong, while on another page will be found also a portrait of Mr. Burlingame.

ASPINWALL AND PANAMA.

Aspinwall owes its existence to the railway company, by whom it was founded, with the sanction of the Government of New Grenada, fourteen years ago. It is situated in the Bay of Colon, and the harbor, or roadstead, is frequently called by that name. The site of Aspinwall is a small island named Manzanilla, which is by nature a mere swamp, but has been consolidated by artificial means. It is neither a healthy nor an agreeable place of residence, but it is the principal "gate to the Pacific" which has yet been opened; the transit from one ocean to the other by the ordinary trains being accomplished in four hours, a distance of sixty miles, to the town and port of Panama, which is the corresponding railway terminus on the western coast of the isthmus. Panama is a city of more importance and pretension than Aspinwall. It has a larger population (about 7000) but its trade is small, its harbor not very extensive, though perhaps ample, and it labors under the same difficulties as Aspinwall in regard to unhealthy location.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Our engravings on the Central Pacific Railroad are intended to show some of the difficulties of building and running it. The first shows the dangers and toils of the civil engineers in surveying in one of the mountain defiles known as Humboldt Pass. The second illustrates the structure by means of which the road is protected from the avalanches of snow and ice which are frequent in the Cascade and Rocky Mountain ranges. Many miles of the Central Pacific Road have been covered by these snow sheds.

VICTORIA, HONG KONG.

Hong Kong is a small island on the Chinese coast, which was ceded to Great Britain on the conclusion of the treaty of 1842, and Victoria, which we illustrate, is its capital. Hong Kong is mainly a factory for British commerce in China, and a military station for the protection of British and other foreign interests in that colony. The Government is sustained by Great Britain, but its commerce is open to all civilized nations. The total population is only about 130,000, of whom 100,000 live in Victoria (and in boats in the harbor); but to this little place comes much of the commerce of China. The value of the exports from Hong Kong is very great, forming a not insignificant proportion of the whole export trade of China; but tables of exports have been kept only of those sent to Great Britain. This fraction of the export trade of Hong Kong amounted, in 1864, to $14,409,645 in gold, against an import trade of $8,094,335.

Many of the Government buildings of Victoria are of a most imposing character, and the residences are substantial and often elegant. Our view gives an excellent general idea of the city.

MINISTER BURLINGAME.

To accompany these cuts and the portrait of Hon. Anson Burlingame on page 348, we give below a brief account of his life and career.

He was born in New Berlin, New York, November 14, 1822. His father moved to the "Western Reserve," Ohio, when the son was quite small, and from there to the (then) Territory of Michigan. He entered the Detroit Academy and the branch University of Michigan at Detroit, and went through the regular course, making an impression by his oratorical powers. From there he entered the Harvard University Law School, under Justice Story; took the degree of LL.B., and opened an office at the Old State House, Boston, the firm being Briggs & Burlingame, the Mr. Briggs being a son of the late Governor Briggs of Massachusetts.

During the political campaign of 1848 Mr. Burlingame entered upon political life, taking an active part in the Free Soil movement, and finally became a member of the Republican party. Shortly after he graduated from the Law School he was sent to the Massachusetts Legislature as Senator, and was Chairman of the Committee appointed to conduct Kossuth through New England, and was subsequently elected a member of the Constitutional Convention from the town of Northboro', although he lived at Cambridge. Governor Boutwell, Charles Sumner, and R. H. Dana, Jun., were elected at the same time, according to the old English borough system. Mr. B., advancing rapidly, was sent to Congress in 1853 from Boston and Cambridge, and served six years as a member of the House of Representatives. He took part in the contest which resulted in the election of N. P. Banks as Speaker. When Charles Sumner was assaulted, Mr. B. got the floor, and made his celebrated denunciation of that infamous act in that never-to-be-forgotten speech. Smarting under the wrongs of Massachusetts, he threw down the glove to the pro-slavery men of the South, and declared himself ready to defend freedom of speech and the State he represented on any field they might be assailed. Preston S. Brooks, of South Carolina, sent a challenge. Mr. Burlingame accepted, and named the rifle. His father, a pioneer of the Daniel Boone type, though a stern old Puritan, had taught his son to be a "dead shot." The "fire-eater" Brooks was probably aware of this unpleasant fact, and failed to respond. During Mr. B.'s Congressional career he spoke but little, but always to the point, as the record will testify. During the exciting political campaigns of 1856 to 1860 he canvassed the whole country, speaking in almost every State, and addressed many literary societies on the great topics of the day. Mr. Lincoln, shortly after his inaugural, tendered him the mission to Austria. Austria refused to receive him, because he was instrumental in raising the mission to Sardinia from the second to the first class, thus recognizing that great idea of Count Cavour's, "the unification of Italy." This act of Austria might have been questioned; but as the United States had a war at home to settle, it was thought better to transfer Mr. B. to China, and attend to Austria at a more convenient time.

In 1847 Mr. Burlingame married the daughter of Hon. Isaac Livermore, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Mr. Burlingame's career as Minister to China is well known. With Sir Frederick Bruce, Mr. Bertheny, now at Washington, Mr. Ballerzech, the former, and Mr. Vlangally, the present Russian Minister, he laid the foundations of the "co-operative policy" now adopted by the chief Treaty Powers, and sustained by their present representatives at Pekin. This policy substitutes fair diplomatic action for the old doctrine of force, guarantees the autonomy of China, and proposes co-operation on all material matters in this Empire. He made the draft of this co-operative policy, which received the assent of his colleagues as an authoritative history and exposition of it. He drew up an elaborate paper giving a construction of the different treaties upon a great number of hitherto doubtful points. This received the approval of his colleagues. He led the opposition to the "Concession Doctrine," under which it was proposed to take concessions of land at the different Treaty ports. This, if persisted in, would have led to the disruption of China. This view has been sustained by the Treaty Powers also. At the request of Mr. Burlingame Confederate pirates were excluded from Chinese waters. He was made referee in the Lay-Osborn difficulty; and he settled it to the satisfaction of England and China.

He induced the Chinese Government to employ an American geologist, Raphael Pompelly, who has demonstrated that the coal-mines of North China are of great extent and abound in coal of superior quality. Through the same enlightened influence, Wheaton's "Elements of International Law" have been translated into Chinese by the Rev. W. A. P. Martin, D.D., published at the expense of the Imperial Government, and adapted as a national text-book. Mr. Burlingame proposed, some time since, that an American College should be established at Pekin, using for the purpose the "Indemnity Fund." Our Government has approved of this, but Congress has not yet acted. The Chinese, however, at the suggestion of Robert Hart, Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs, have opened a college, of which the venerable Seu-ki-ou, the eulogizer of Washington, is the Chinese, and Dr. Martin, the foreign, head.

The great cause of missions has found in Mr. Burlingame an ardent supporter, and has advanced from the South far beyond the "Great Wall;" and now the good seed is planted in the broad plateau of Mongolia among the named tribes of that vast region. The first grant of a submarine telegraph connecting the Treaty ports from Canton to Tien-tsin, was made to Mr. Burlingame in 1865. Under the corporative policy the trade of China has advanced from $82,000,000 to $300,000,000. Several hundred foreigners have been taken into the Chinese Civil service; and, under the direction of Mr. Hart, they are doing much to civilize China.

The greatest step, however, in the interests of civilization is the request of the Chinese to Mr. Burlingame to represent them at the Courts of all the Treaty Powers. Sir Rutherford Alcock said: "It is the greatest compliment ever paid to any man, and Mr. Burlingame deserves it." Mr. Burlingame was on the point of visiting the thirteen Treaty ports and then returning to the United States. Prince Kung had invited him to a farewell banquet, and during the ceremonies said: "Will your Excellency represent us officially as well as non-officially at the Courts of the Treaty Powers?" Mr. Burlingame supposed it was a graceful Chinese compliment, said that he would represent them unofficially as a friend, and the conversation passed into other channels. He was very much surprised when Mr. Brown, the Chinese Secretary of the English Legation, called on him a few days after with a formal proposition from the Prince Regent Kung tendering him the mission. Mr. Burlingame, after very serious consideration and grave consultation with his friends, determined to accept it. He instantly communicated all the facts to his colleagues. They very kindly approved and rejoiced at this progressive step taken by China. Prince Kung came in solemn state to the United States Legation and presented the Imperial decree, which bears date November 26, 1867, and is written on heavy yellow parchment, wrapped in yellow brocade satin, the Imperial color, and encased in a yellow box. He has given him the title of Embassador, and clothed him with the most ample powers.

EXCELSIOR.

Put out thy talents to their use—
  Lay nothing by to rust;
Give vulgar ignorance thy scorn,
  And innocence thy trust.
Rise to thy proper place in life—
  Trample upon all sin,
But still the gentle hand hold out
  To help the wanderer in.
So live, in faith and noble deed,
  Till earth returns to earth—
So live, that men shall mark the time
  Gave such a mortal birth.

EPISODE IN A SURGEON'S LIFE.

I had been about a year a lecturer on anatomy in a large town in the north; I shall not name it, as the events I am about to relate really happened, and some might recognize them. At the date of their occurrence I was suffering from one of those heaven-sent blows under which the strongest and most philosophic succumb for a time—many forever. As I was neither strong nor philosophic, the greatest affliction man can suffer passed over me, and left me walking, eating, sleeping, but in the manner of those animals to which we anatomists attribute little or no self-consciousness in their actions, and no pleasure in the fulfillment of them. We may be wrong; the hungry-looking arms of the anemone may obey a more than mere unconscious stimulus when they touch and secure their prey; but, at all events, man, who possesses all the nervous organization for being, doing, and suffering, is in as doubtful a case when in such circumstances as those to which I allude.

I was sitting one snowy December night, with my cigar and Cicero's Letters to Atticus, trying to pass the time, to keep my eyes from that shadow on the wall which every now and then drew them from the large folio leaves on which the great good man has unburdened his big heart to his friend; often, too, the empty chair beside me seemed occupied by a figure which seemed substance till I looked, then shadow, then mere memory.

Thus was I wearily getting through the night when my servant brought me a note—a small, long, black-edged envelope, addressed in a lady's hand; it was this:

> "Dear Sir,—Is it possible to take a cast from the face of one who has lain for two weeks in a coffin? The bearer waits your answer."

There was no signature. I tore off the blank half of the note-sheet, wrote "Yes" upon it, and gave it to my servant. The mere taking of casts from the dead body is part of the business of an anatomist, he by such means preserves those outlines which sink so soon under the pressure of the atmosphere, after those chemical changes have occurred which our tissues undergo when the spirit leaves us stranded here, lying wherever it may chance to desert us, in beds or on bleak waste lands, inside houses or on door-steps, until our bodies take again their mysterious part in the formation of an immortal being.

I had taken many casts of the dead, but had never been asked to do so before; by a small note in such delicate writing, it was clearly from some one oppressed with feelings much akin to my own. She is, I thought, influenced by that curious perplexity, or that perplexed curiosity, we all feel about our dead. It is not, I thought, the mere desire for a cast; human instincts would answer her question as well as I could, but "What shall we do with our dead?" has been a question for each nation as it appeared. I thought how some are now passing their four thousandth year in swathing and cerements, how others are lying in catacombs, gazed on by curious visitors, who seem to think death but a mere national peculiarity and passion. I thought of others, useless in their lives, who are after death noble monuments, built up for usefulness in the minds of men. I thought, too, of the first time I had seen a funeral, it was in mid-Atlantic; the moon shining now and then past masses of black cloud, and the large ocean steamer plunging bows under; how the dead man was laid on the sponson, covered with a flag. A clergyman who happened to be on board as passenger read the service as we clustered round, holding on as best we could. I remembered how the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," rang out over the rushing of the water, and how in a little time we committed the body to the deep, till the sea shall give up her dead. Then I thought of dust I had worshiped which had returned to dust, and yearned for the time when mine too should commingle with its first elements.

I was aroused from this half-asleep condition by another ring, and presently another note in the same hand:

> "Sir,—Will you be at —— Cemetery in one hour from *now*, and bring with you what you think necessary for taking a cast? All expenses will be paid; no explanations are needed."

"An hour!" I exclaimed; "who ever took a cast in a cemetery at one o'clock in the morning? It may be a misdemeanor, for all I know; it may be a hoax, most likely. No, it is, in all probability, what I thought at first. Here, too, is a poor broken-hearted one, doing what I would do were it in my power. Who am I to set difficulties in her way or question the wisdom of her proposal?" So calling my servant, we took a small bag of plaster of Paris, a tin basin, iron spoon, oil, and all the other necessaries, and started. A cab was waiting for us at the corner of the street, which dragged us slowly through the snow to the cemetery. Another cab was standing at the gate, out of which two ladies stepped. I could just see that they were tall, in deep mourning, and closely veiled. One, who seemed considerably the elder, addressed me politely, and gave all directions. We walked along the trim gravel-walks, a man preceding us with a lantern, which the crisp, unsullied snow rendered quite unnecessary; but it added a sort of mystery to the scene as it shone on the stiff ungainly monuments, and glittered on the snow-covered shrubs, and at last on an iron-barred gate, which the man unlocked. Here the two ladies glided past us and followed him closely till, after a reference to his pocket-book and looking at several coffins, he laid his hand on one, and signed to my man to come and assist. It was soon pulled down and placed upon the trestles; it had neither name nor date as is usual, but the man seemed confident he was right in his selection. Then there was a burst of grief, and the elder lady drew her companion away. The man placed a screw-driver and his lantern on the coffin and followed them, leaving my man and myself alone. It was a place of very weird aspect, consisting merely of a long gallery with shelves in niches, on which lay coffins of all shapes and sizes. I am not a nervous man—my days have been spent much among the dead—but I confess to a feeling of dislike to such a studio at one A.M. on a winter morning. We soon removed the coffin-lid, and by the lantern's light saw a man's face, a sharp outline, waving black hair, a noble forehead, high nose, long black beard and mustache. He must have been a handsome fellow, not above thirty. But how hollow were the cheeks, and how wasted the large, long, manly hand!

A rustle of a woman's dress and the tall lady enters, throws up her veil, and kisses the damp, cold forehead, cuts off some of the hair, and vanishes. We take the cast, close the coffin; it is again hoisted on to a shelf, and, the cold and tedious business over, I am glad to leave the place. Again the dark figure of the elder lady comes toward us, looking taller than ever as her black garments contrast with the snow. She now addressed my servant, who was carefully carrying the pieces of still wet plaster. "Is that the cast?"

"No, ma'am; cast won't be ready till to-morrow."

"Give *that to me.*"

"But, Madam," I said, "it is merely the mould, and scarcely firm; any one unaccustomed to handle such things is sure to destroy it."

"Be good enough, Sir, to give that to me," she said, in such a voice that the gravel-walk was nearly being umpire in the dispute as my servant started at the sound.

"Very well, Madam." She took the towel in which they were and walked away into the darkness.

"Who is she?" I asked the man with the lantern.

"No one knows," he said.

"Who was the gentleman?"

"No one knows; he came one evening to —— Hotel without any luggage; his linen was not marked; he had money enough to bury him here in the vault. He was found dead in his bed, I heard them say, and that's all I know of *him*, Sir."

"Was there no suspicion of suicide?"

"I tell you, Sir, that's all *I* know, but it's suicide stopping out here; so good-morning, Sir."

So we drove homeward. The stars were shining as they only do on a frosty northern night; the aurora would sometimes flicker and die away, and sometimes a star would shoot down and disappear, bringing to my mind Béranger's noble ode:

> "Oh! what may yon shooting light betoken,
> That falls, falls, and is quenched afar?"

"I don't know what it betokens, Sir, I'm sure," said my servant, wakening with a start, "but I expect no good. That old girl knows more than she seems."

"How do you mean?"

"*She* want a cast, Sir! Not she; when, Sir, you've seen as much as I have, you'll know 'em better; she's lived long enough in the world to know that piece-moulds can't be handled like that: she wanted to see him, Sir, only. If she's so very fond of him, let her have him properly looked after according to law."

"But why should she wish to see him?"

"It's curious, Sir; but so it is when people know too much about the deaths of other people, they like to take a peep at them now and then. There was Bill Simmonds, who killed the peddler. He covered him up, and would never have been suspected, but he would go in the night and uncover him, to see if he was still there; so he was caught, and— Here's home, Sir."

With the exception of having my interest a little excited by an advertisement in the *Times*, describing a gentleman who had never returned from a journey to the north, and whose features seemed to resemble those of some one I had once seen, I couldn't remember where, the incident just narrated faded from my memory as the ever-varying pursuits of my daily life occupied my mind. The spring was approaching, and the long winter session drawing to a close, when I got the following note from the medical man whose duty it is to conduct such investigations:

> "Dear ——: Will you oblige me by coming to my house at 3 p.m. to-day, as I wish you to conduct the p.-m. examination of a case of suspected poisoning? Yours ever, G——."

I desired my trusty John to bring the necessary instruments, and went to join my friend. His carriage was at the door. We got into it, and John mounted the box.

"What street is it in, G——?" I asked.

"No street, only the cemetery. The body has been buried, or rather vaulted, for several months. There is no need to remove more than what is absolutely necessary for purposes of analysis. You don't mind?"

"Not I. What is the case?"

"Sure I don't know; most likely nothing at all, but it seems a man died in an hotel, and died without medical advice; he never had time, it would seem, and he was unclaimed; but as he left they sent him here. He had some money, I suppose, else you'd have seen him in the rooms."

"You take things coolly here."

"What's the use of making a fuss after a man's dead? However, his friends have traced him, and I am desired to see into it. I was very busy, didn't even ask his name; it will be in the warrant for exhumation, though."

All this time I was puzzling my brains as to how all this seemed so familiar to me, and I was just going to say as much to G—— when I looked up and saw John's face looking back through the window behind the coachman with the most comical expression of perturbation I ever saw on human countenance. In an instant the whole midnight scene at the cemetery returned to my mind; and what I had attached so little importance to then as almost wholly to forget, I now remembered in its every detail. I need not go over the old story; all was the same except that the spring flowers were rustling in the May-day breeze, and children were playing hide-and-seek among the head-stones and evergreens. The rest was the same, as the same man brought the same lamp, and he and my servant pulled down the same coffin in the same way and put it on the same trestles. This being a legitimate proceeding the regular attendant removed the lid, and I could see but little change in the face so far as decomposition was concerned—there was only an excessive amount of moisture about the face, and the grave-clothes seemed as if they had been wrung out of water. G—— was busily noting down the general appearances when he exclaimed, looking at the white particles sticking about the hair, "Holloa! they've been taking a cast of this."

The murder was out; so I said, "Yes, I did with our friend John here."

"*You?*"

"Yes; John and I in December."

"Before interment, of course?"

"Not a bit; just where you are now."

G—— cast a look at the man, as much as to say, "You may go home and pack up any movables you may care to take with you." He said nothing more to me, who had already begun my part of the revolting business; but I could hear mutterings, not loud but deep, of "unscrupulous," "unwarrantable," etc., etc., which I knew were inspired by thoughts of myself.

After our business was over, and the coffin, of which I was now perfectly weary, again hoisted to its shelf, we drove home, talking of indifferent matters, and went our several ways. A country engagement prevented my seeing G—— for a couple of days, and, indeed, not then; for on my return a message awaited me to call at one of the hotels. I went as soon as possible, so that I might get my work for the day quite over, and have a long rest.

"Who is it wants me?" I asked the waiter.

"A lady, Sir—No. 15." And he showed me in.

She certainly did not hurry herself, and I had plenty of time to look about me before any one appeared. At last a lady entered the room with, it seemed to me, some show of recognition, and her voice at least sounded familiar to my ears. She was tall, and dressed in that mixture of black silk and black crape which is so becoming to tall women. Her hair was black, just sprinkled with gray; her eyes were black, with brows and lashes to match; they were set too near the nose for perfect beauty; her other features were perfect, though the lips were rather too thin; her complexion was dazzling white, or rather transparent, like French china. Just over the molar bones there was a *soupçon* of pink—her hands long, lean, and white—the same unnatural white.

"You don't remember me, Mr. Jones?"

"Indeed I have not that pleasure."

"Ah, you doctors have so much to think about. Are you stronger than you were in the winter?"

"Thank you, I am much better."

"I'm so glad to hear it. You passed me to-day in a carriage. Where were you going? To do some horrid operation, I suppose."

"Not exactly."

"You don't expose yourself to cold night air as you used to do, I hope."

"No more than I can help. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; just something to say."

That was quite evident; so I began to look at my watch, which she noticed, and said,

"You'll take tea with us, won't you? My niece will be in directly. She wasn't well, and lay down for a little. We have been traveling about a good deal lately. We were in Glasgow, and saw Madeline Smith's window. What a long arm L'Angelier must have had to reach to it for his chocolate!"

"Yes, poor fellow. What a fearful end his was!"

"Are the traces of arsenic easily discovered?"

"Very."

"And antimony?"

"And antimony; indeed all metallic poisons are easily discovered."

"Then what are used which so often baffle even the most expert chemists?"

"Chiefly vegetable poisons—what are called the vegetable alkaloids; in other words, the active principles of such drugs as strychnine, from nux vomica; but poisoners like Palmer, for instance, are convicted on symptoms characteristic of these poisons."

Here an involuntary yawn interrupted the progress of my lecture, but taking for granted that my patient was the young lady, I waited; the tea-tray was brought in, and my companion left the room; she presently returned with a much younger lady, about twenty-five apparently, dressed in bluish gray, a sort of half-mourning. She had a perfect face and figure, her eyes had an almost unearthly lustre, and her complexion was the same French china white as her aunt's. Her lips had not the full rosy color of women at her age, and she walked like one who had suffered a long illness; but her manner was marked by vivacity, as her countenance was by intelligence. But that glistening eye of hers would not keep still; it wandered round the room more like a wild bird's than a young lady's. "I'll leave you two for a little," said the elder, and now I became more reconciled to my detention. After giving her a chance of beginning again, I said, "You don't look much like an invalid."

"I am not exactly an invalid, but my aunt seemed anxious for me to see a doctor."

"Do you feel very weak?"

"Oh, *so* weak!"

"Are you ever sick?"

"Always sick."

"Any pain in your limbs?"

"When I walk, such an aching!"

These short answers evidently fatigued her, and she asked for water.

"Does it hurt you to swallow?"

"No, only my throat is so hot."

And so she went on to tell me how she had been losing strength for several months—how her aunt had been so good to her; and, in answer to my questions, she said she had suffered much grief in the winter, when a dear friend had died. "Where?" I asked. "Oh, here in this town. He was traveling about, and he died in an hotel. He had been traveling with them till within two or three days; but he was not well, so he staid behind to rest, and died, and—" Here she stopped, for a rustle in the adjoining room told that a third person, that nuisance in all medical consultations, was approaching; we changed the subject, the elder lady came in and made tea; I wrote a prescription and got up to go away, but was requested to step into the next room and tell the elder lady what my opinion was. "It seems to me merely debility, and an irritable mucous membrane. She has been depressed in spirits; what have you given her?"

"Nothing," was the answer.

"Then I'll call the day after to-morrow and see how she gets on with this."

And I left; but the well-known back of a "Churchill's Manual" caught my eye as I passed out. "So you study Taylor's book," I said to her; "is not this rather ghastly reading for a lady?"

"Not I," she answered, quickly. "I suppose some predecessor of ours in this room must have forgotten it. Come and say Good-night to Kate."

I was very tired that night; there is nothing *so* tiring as the work of a medical man. Few of the cases which present themselves to him have any extraordinary interest—and, indeed, the anxiety which these involve is scarcely compensated by the accompanying fees or *éclat*. The most fatiguing part, however, is the constant endeavor to appear concerned about trivial ailments, and the striving to be on good terms with your fellow-practitioners, who you know detest you heartily. Yes, I was very tired as I trudged down the hill to my solitary abode. I vainly tried to read, and at last flung myself on the sofa. I must have been asleep for several hours, as it was quite dark when I awoke, feeling as I never remembered feeling before. "What a fool I am," I thought, "for sleeping on the sofa! Here I've got a sore throat and the rheumatism, and will be useless to-morrow." Then I dozed off again, and, as is often the case when tossing restlessly about seeking for sleep, I sat up and tried to read, and gave it up, looked over my case-book, wrote a few lines and lay down again, oppressed by a feeling of weariness words can not express. My thoughts would dwell in a dreamy way on my new patient. Where had I seen her aunt? how account for her odd manner, to me apparently so contradictory to her apparently reserved manner; and what could she have been reading in Taylor? Did she think I was going to believe she had not read him? Did I— Oh, what was that?—that awful pain that shot through me, and passed away in a minute. It took my breath away, and for some time I sat on the sofa and wiped the perspiration from my face. Again, again it came; my throat felt as if on fire, my eyes as if cayenne pepper had been dusted into them, and all accompanied by such fearful nausea as utterly deprived me of what is termed vulgarly "pluck." Death seemed to stare me in the face; I felt the seriousness of solitude in earnest then. The gray light of morning came in at last, and found me lying more dead than alive on the carpet with my head on the sofa, but the pains were less severe. How I rejoiced when I heard the carts going about the street! and some movements down stairs told me that my trusty John was making his toilet, and would soon be up stairs. All my efforts to reach the bell-rope had only ended in cramps and powerlessness.

As soon as I could I sent John for Dr. G——, who was quickly with me. He questioned me as to what I had eaten, and we both concluded that during my country visit I had taken something to disagree with me. He administered some remedies, and kindly sat by my bedside for a time, and diverted my thoughts by conversation. "By-the-way, Jones, if you are well enough, you must come round to my place and see some of that friend of yours tested."

"What have you found?"

"What have we *not* found?—arsenic and antimony in every organ of the body, especially antimony. How he could have lived an hour with so much even in his blood I can scarcely say, unless he took it little by little. By-the-way, have you got 'Taylor?' if you have, I want to look at it a moment."

"It's in the next room; ring the bell."

He rang, and John fetched the book, which reminded me of my patient at —— Hotel, so John was sent up with an apology for my not being able to make the promised visit. On his return Dr. G—— was gone, and I was glad to have even John to talk to, as my eyes were still too sore to read.

"I gave your message, Sir, and to whom do you think?—to the old one, and she knew me, she did, and she asked how you was, Sir, and if you were better. Who told *her* you had been ill?" (I may here mention that doctor's illnesses are always kept a secret.)

"Whom on earth do you mean, John?"

"The old one, Sir, as made me give up the piece-mould last winter in the cemetery."

Now the whole story flashed back upon me, and horrible doubts and terrors possessed me as I thought of my own escape, and the fair girl in that dreadful woman's power. I crawled out of bed as well as I could, and with John's help dressed and sent for a cab. We drove up to —— Hotel. The old lady was out, and my patient was in bed. The hotel servants knew and at once admitted me. The poor girl was lying back with her pale face bathed in perspiration, and her long hair lying in dank masses on the pillow. Her eyes were even more glistening and restless than on my last visit, and occasionally an expression of agony she strove in vain to conceal passed across her face. By her side was a table, on which were a wine-glass half full of what seemed pure water, and a saucer of currant jelly.

"Oh, doctor," she said, "aunt thought you weren't coming. Your medicines are here, I haven't begun them yet. Aunt left me this to take, but it always makes me *so* sick, I'm putting it off as long as possible."

"Your aunt has no business to give any medicines which I have not ordered. Chambermaid, tell my servant to speak to me. John, take this note to its address as quick as you can."

I penciled:

"Dear G——: Come at once with John, and bring the handiest thing you've got for testing antimony and arsenic in solution. J."

I calculated on having at least an hour to ourselves in the sitting-room before the aunt could return from the distant suburb she had gone to. In an incredibly short space of time G—— was sitting at her writing-table, while I, pretending the fidgetiness of an invalid, kept prowling about in search of drugs, taking an occasional anxious look at G——, who was patiently examining the water in the wine-glass.

He had placed a few drops on a slip of glass, and was allowing it slowly to evaporate. Some more of it he poured into a test-tube, cautiously dropping into the latter dilute nitric acid; as he did so a white cloud appeared in the previously limpid fluid, which sank to the bottom of the tube. He continued to add the acid, and the fluid became as limpid as before. "What was that?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but I think subnitrate of antimony," said the cautious man. "Let's try again. Give me that bottle of dilute tartaric acid." He again half filled a test-tube from the wine-glass, and, as it is technically termed, threw down the white precipitate with the dilute nitric acid. He now added some of the tartaric acid, and the precipitate disappeared. "Now let's try another while that glass dries," said he; and filling another tube, he dropped in some ferro-cyanide of potassium. The fluid remained unchanged. "Now for the glass;" and he lifted the slip from which the water had evaporated, and left a thin coating of something which he examined carefully through a lens, and then handed to me. I could distinctly see the little tetrahedral crystals of tartar emetic. We had now seen enough to entitle us to obtain legal protection for the poor girl. G—— tried some more tests, and occasionally jotted down a few notes, when a silk dress rustled along the passage toward the bedroom. Our door was ajar, but it passed, and we heard her ask, "Dr. Jones been here? Did you take your medicine? Where's the glass?" The bedroom door then shut, and directly after, ours was thrown wide open, and the elder lady had advanced several steps into the room before she observed us. She had not read "Taylor on Poisons" for nothing; her glance took it all in, from the spirit lamp to the bits of glass over which G—— was poring with a lens. But her bloodless face betrayed no inward emotion as she bowed to each of us, and said she would return in a moment.

"Who is that?" said G——.

"*That!*" I croaked, through my still sore throat; "that's the aunt, and the elder of the two ladies I met at the cemetery."

I had not finished when the rotten bell-rope came down with G——'s violent pull, and then we rushed along the passage, and I could hear him shouting to "stop that lady who's going out." I tried to follow, but sank back into my chair from weakness. Lest the invalid should be alarmed I went into her room. She was shaking with terror, and begged me not to leave her.

"Don't you like your aunt, then?"

"She's not my aunt," said she, "but she told me to call her so. She was to travel with me, my guardians said. She's always reading that dreadful book."

Dr. G—— returned; the old experienced bird had fled, but detectives were seeking for her already, and descriptions of her were flashing along the wires. A good nurse was sent to my patient, who was for the future under our medical care. Of course we communicated with her guardians, and very soon she was surrounded by loving friends.

The police, though unsuccessful in their search after the elder woman, took upon themselves to break open her boxes and writing-desk. In the latter they found a letter in a disguised handwriting—a letter that seemed a confession of betrayal, at the same time that it defied the person to whom it was addressed, and read as if she had threatened revenge.

Experts declared the writing to be that of the murdered man; and putting all the dark facts together, we concluded that the poisoner had been actuated by jealousy and revenge. The man had been attracted by the fair young girl, and had thus roused the stormy passions of a cruel woman.

Bearing in mind the precarious condition of the invalid, those dark conjectures were never revealed to her. Indeed, the shock to myself was great, and it was mournful to see my patient fading away.

"How changed you are!" she said to me as we met one day in the cemetery.

"And you, you ought not to be out?"

"It makes no difference," was her answer, "except that I seem to suffer more indoors. And it can't last long; and," she continued, "you know we got him put there," pointing to the grave she had left.

They now rest together. "Bury me beside him," were her last words. It was done.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Medical Intelligence.—Surely if a Medical Quack can be called a woman because he's a *Charlotte Anne*, a Chemist might be called a Ditto, as he is an *Anne Eliza* (Analyzer).

Fits that are not Fatal to Actors—Bene-fits.

To Catch Your Own Shadow.—To do this trick well you must drink two pints of whisky on a moon-light night, then start for home, observing your shadow at full length before you. Jis' drop flat on your face, lettin' your nose go two inches in the ground, so as to make the shadow secure. Lie there till placed in a wheel-barrow by a policeman who feels it his duty to take you home.

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will spring up in the best regulated families, "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each supposes the other at fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?"

"The best-natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with an unction. She was the conqueror.

May be Heard Every Where.—"Songs without Words"—a remarkable performance; but perhaps a still more wonderful feat is playing upon words.

Cure for Creaking.—The most infallible way of preventing a kitchen-door from creaking is said to be to engage a servant-girl whose sweet-hearts come to the house to see her.

WANTS.

Music of the spheres with original score.
The cap of a climax.
The musket and powder-horn of a shooting star.
The march of mind, arranged for a full orchestra, with trumpet obligato by Fame.
Some bristles from the last brush with the rebels.
Some sand from Time's hour-glass.
The iron from the plane of the ecliptic.
Some tenpenny nails made from fragments of the Iron Duke.
A finger-post from the road to ruin.

ARTIFICIAL BABIES FOR TRAVELERS.

Armed with an Infant one is admitted to First-class Cars and Saloons.

The tariff of prices is as follows:
Common traveling infants, yielding intermittent cries of fear, and capable of being put into the pocket, $2 50.
Second-class, crying not too loudly, but lamentably and insupportably, $5.
Third-class, full squaller, with a very piercing and aggravating voice of five octaves, $10.
The same, arranged as a prompt repeater, $12.
Fifth-class, first quality, capable of continued squalling, $15.

The young fellow who engaged himself to half a dozen young women is undoubtedly a beau of promise.

Some wretch of an editor says that another twist to the present mode of "doing up" the ladies' hair would take them off their feet.

THE AGE OF LOVE.

"Prithee, tell me, Dimple Chin,
At what age does love begin?"

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger miss than I!"

"Tell me, oh, tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?"

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass, and strength may die;
But for love! I can't foretoken;
Ask some older sage than I!"

"I have passed through many hardships," as the schooner said after sailing through a fleet of iron-clads.

To Ugly Women.—A young man who has run through all his property, but now sees the error of his ways, and is a reformed character, wishes to marry and settle. He would wish to settle any fortune that his wife might bring with her on herself, with remainder in the hands of trustees to the survivor for life. Any lady of strictly moral and religious principles and an affectionate temperament, whose inclination for holy matrimony has, notwithstanding peculiar affluence (say $100,000), been opposed by disadvantages of personal appearance, may secure a fond husband, who is considered very handsome, but, being himself indifferent to externals, regards only those qualities in a married partner that are truly valuable.

DREAMS.

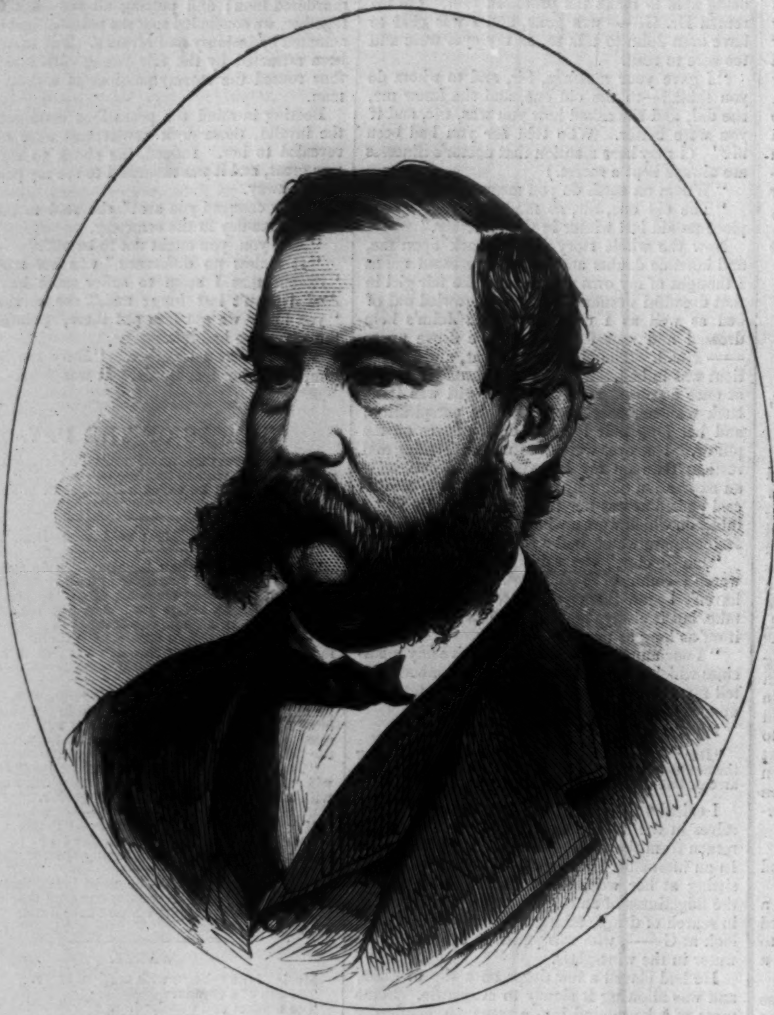
To dream of a millstone about your neck is a sign of what you may expect if you marry an extravagant wife. It is very lucky to dream that you pay for a thing twice over; since ever afterward you will probably take care to have your bills receipted. For a person in embarrassed circumstances to dream that he is arrested is very fortunate, for it is a warning to him on no account to accept a bill. To dream of fire is a sign that—if you are wise—you will see that all the lights in your house are out before you go to bed. To dream of having a great number of servants is madness.

Pretty Girl to Charles. "Charley, how far is it round the world? Isn't it twenty-four thousan—"

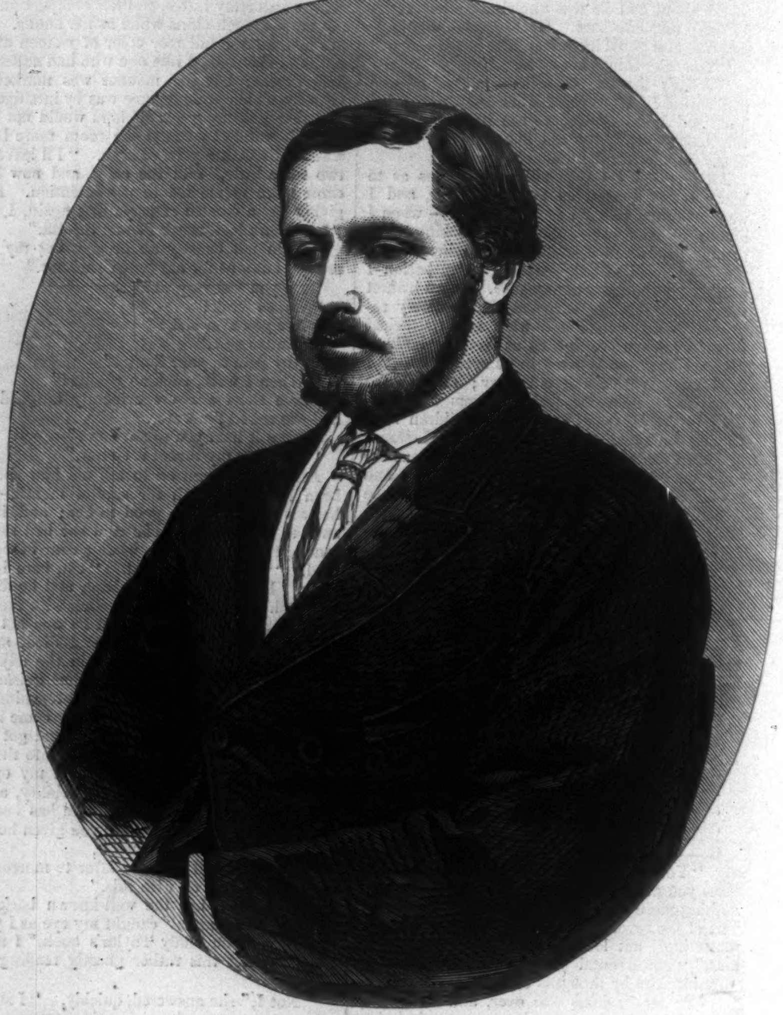
Charles (*who adores pretty girl and put both arms around her*). "That's all a mistake, my love; it is only about twenty-four inches."

She was all the world to him.

A little girl worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for the introduction of another "point," exclaimed, "Oh, mother! he is not going to quit at all! He is swelling up again!"



HON. ANSON BURLINGAME, MINISTER FROM CHINA.—[See Page 346.]

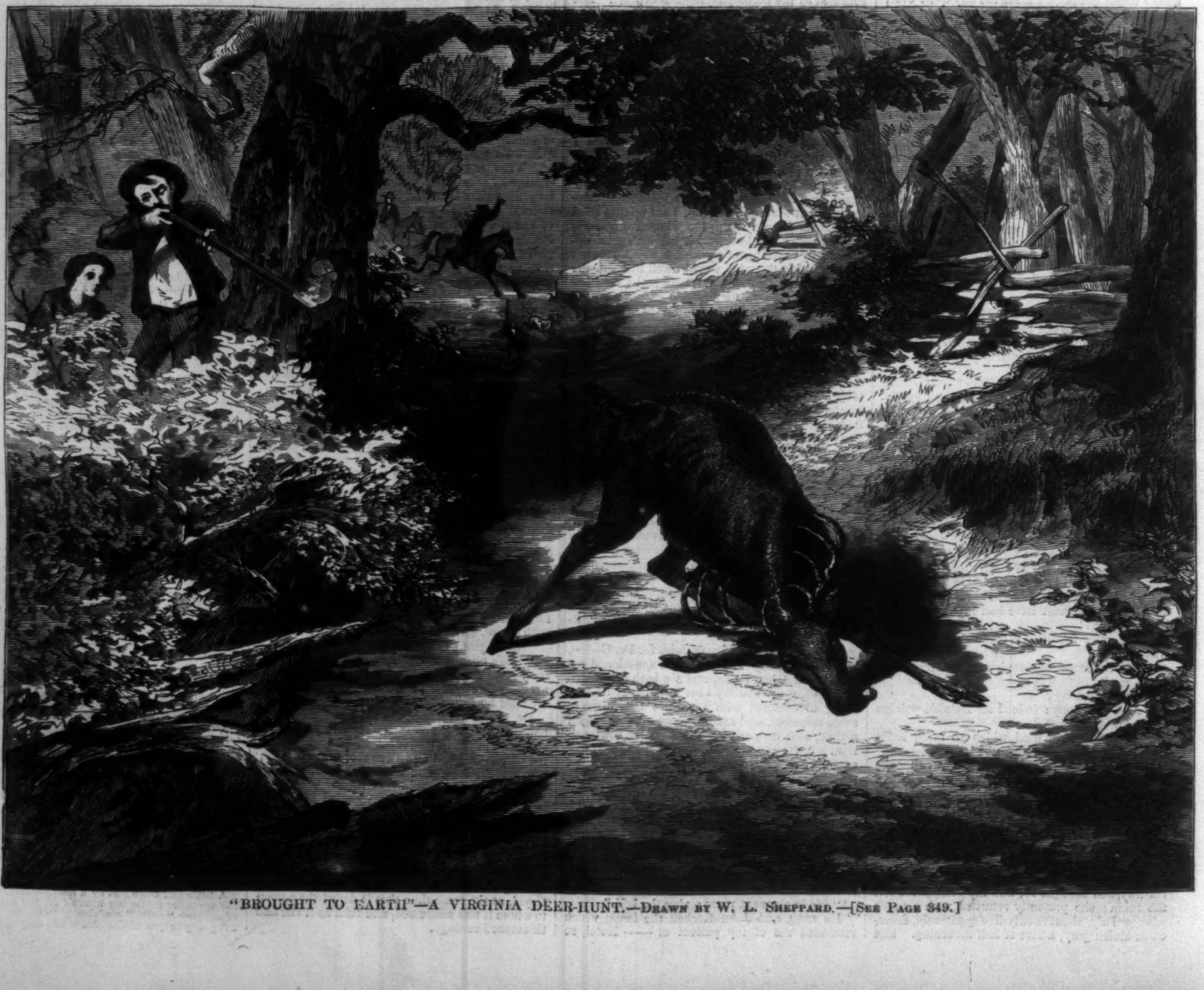


PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND.

PRINCE ALFRED OF ENGLAND.

The attempt on the life of Prince Alfred, Earl of Kent and of Ulster, though better known as the Duke of Edinburgh, and perhaps still better known as "The Sailor-Prince of England," has been condemned far and wide in this country, where the horror of assassination is so great, although our disregard of human life is held by our transatlantic cousins to be such a serious fault of our character.

The Prince, whose portrait we give on this page, is, as every one knows, the second son of Queen Victoria, and is now nearly twenty-four years of age, having been born, at Windsor Castle, on August 6, 1844. He was educated at the



"BROUGHT TO EARTH"—A VIRGINIA DEER-HUNT.—Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.—[See Page 349.]

University of Edinburgh and a Bonn, and was created LL.D. on the occasion of his opening the Museum of Science and Arts in the Scottish capital. He entered the Navy in August, 1858; became Lieutenant in 1863, and Captain in 1866. He served on board the *Euryalus*, 1858–61; the *St. George*, 1861–63; the *Racoon*, 1863–66; and was appointed to the command of the *Galatea* in January, 1867, and proceeded on a voyage to the Australian colonies shortly afterward—a voyage which he was still prosecuting at the time the attempt on his life was made.

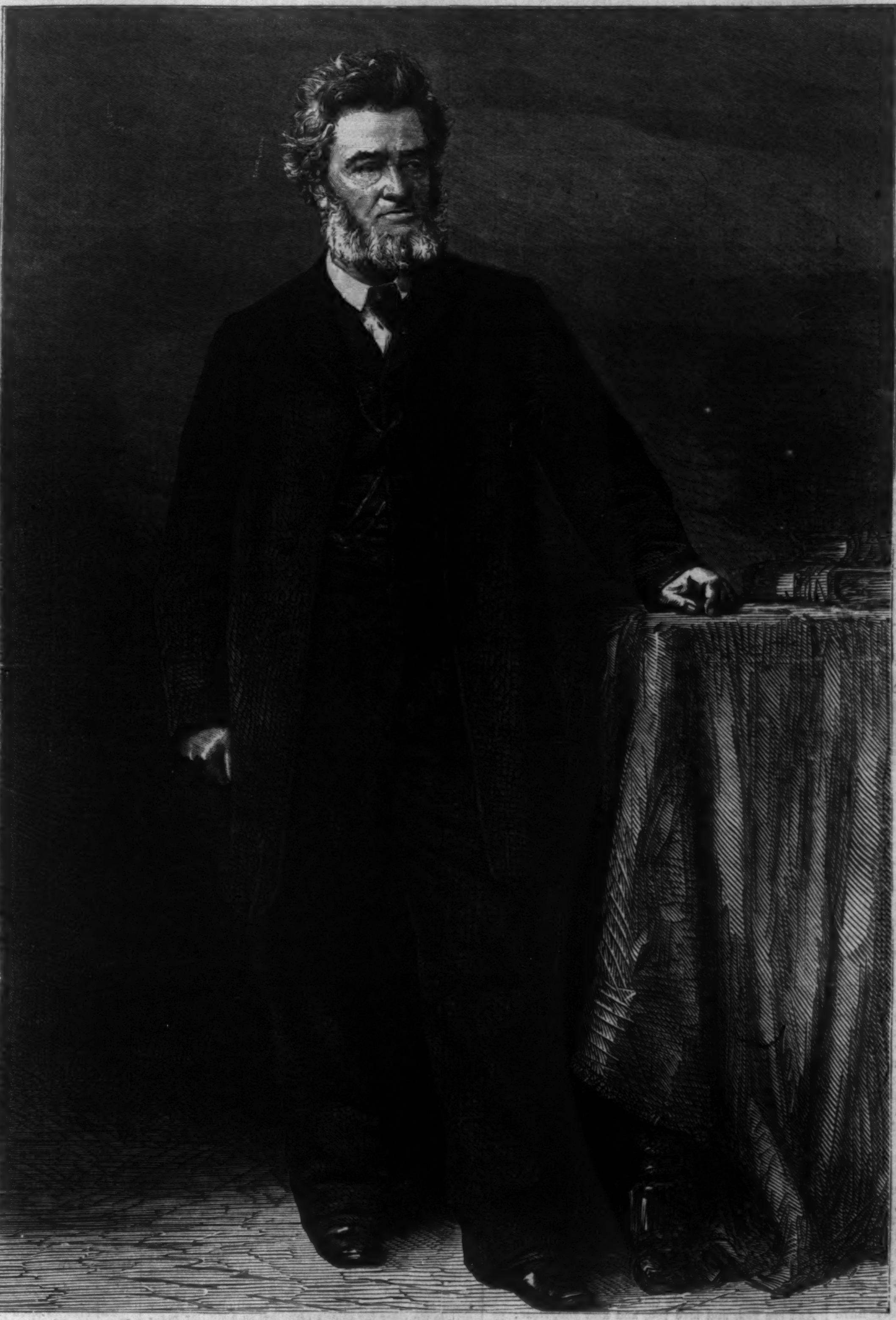
THE DEER-HUNT.

A favorite mode of hunting the deer as practiced in Virginia is handsomely illustrated in our engraving on the preceding page. The haunts and "runs" of the animal are well known; some of the best marksmen of the hunters post themselves at points near which the deer is likely to pass when started, while the mounted hunters and dogs prepare to start the game and drive it toward the concealed marksman. A well-aimed rifle shot serves to bring the game to earth.

M. JULES FAVRE.

On Thursday, April 23, M. Jules Favre took his seat in the French Academy. Seven hundred distinguished persons were waiting to receive him, and to listen to his eulogium on his predecessor, M. Cousin. His speech, which was a long one, was in part devoted to proving that Christianity, political liberty, and philosophical liberty conduce to the support of one another and to the prosperity of states. He recalled the time when, a timid student, he had listened to the lectures of Cousin, and the incredulity, the fear, with which he should then have heard that he was one day destined to take the place of that great thinker among his illustrious associates.

Jules Gabriel Claude Favre, advocate, politician, and now member of the Academy, was born on March 31, 1809. He was engaged in prosecuting his studies for the Bar when the Revolution of July, 1830, broke out, in which he took an active part. Shortly afterward he commenced the practice of his profession. The independence of his character, the bitter irony of his address, and the radicalism of his opinions, early made him a reputation. From that year to the present time he has been in the Press, in the different National Assemblies, and at the Bar the consistent champion of liberal opinions. After the Revolution of February, 1848, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior, and was the author of the famous circular to the Commissioners of the Provisional Government, as well as of the "Bulletins" of the same year. He also officiated for some time as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He voted for the prosecution of MM. Louis Blanc and Caussidiere for their complicity in the insurrection of June, 1848; he refused to join in a vote of thanks to General Cavaignac, and opposed the expedition to Rome of December, 1848. He became the strenuous opponent of Louis Napoleon after the latter's election to the Presidency, and leader of the Montagne on the flight of Ledru Rollin. Elected after the *coup d'état* of 1851 to the General Council of the "Loire et Rhone," he refused to take the oath to the new Constitution. His defense of Orsini in 1858 created a great sensation by its boldness and eloquence. In the same year he became a member of the Legislative Body, since which time he has distinguished himself by his speeches against the law of "deportation," the war with Austria in 1859, in favor of complete liberty of the press, and generally as a determined opponent of the Imperial rule, and a supporter of liberty and progress.

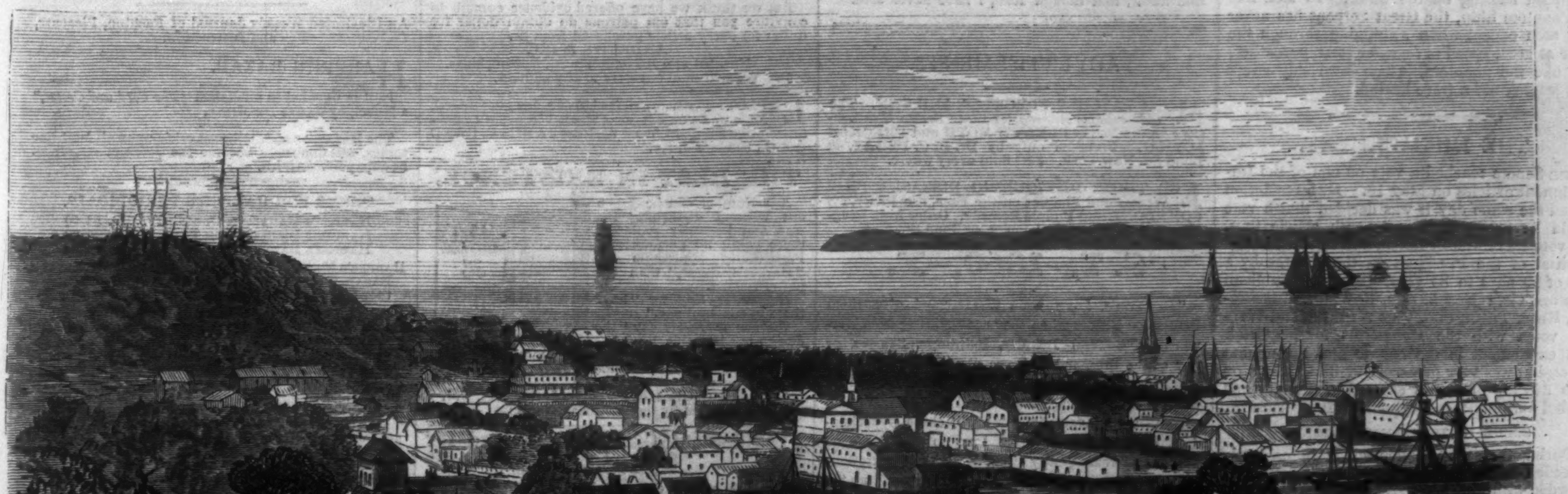

M. JULES FAVRE, OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

ASTORIA.

Astoria, Oregon, a view of which we give on this page, was the first trading-post established by the expedition of fur traders sent out by John Jacob Astor about the year 1810. It is situated about ten miles from the mouth of the Columbia River, and is important only in a commercial sense.

THE SEA-SERPENT IN ALL AGES.

The belief in the existence of a monstrous sea-serpent is very ancient. It appears first to have originated among the Chinese, and from them to have spread through nearly every nation of the civilized world, from the tropics to the Arctic regions. The first European account which pretends to rest on any positive evidence is that given by an Austrian residing at Leritz. This story relates that a fisherman bathing in the Danube with some companions, took it into his head to dive down in a part of the river which was very deep; but not appearing again, his companions threw their nets for him, and after several vain attempts, at last succeeded in bringing up his body, with one arm and one leg entangled in the root of an old tree. As they were endeavoring to disengage the body in order to take it into the boat, they saw a serpent of prodigious size fixed to the left breast of the corpse, which so terrified them that they cried out. Upon this the monster


VIEW OF ASTORIA, OREGON.

left his prey, and after hissing in a most terrible manner, threw himself again into the river. The next account which claims attention is that of Mr. Fisher, an Icelandic traveler, in 1829. He states that when returning from Endelare to Horseus, the man who was steering his boat, observing that he took a great interest in natural history, told him the following tale:—He said that about two years ago, he and a companion were fishing near Thunoe, when they observed the head of a large animal lying quietly on the surface of the sea close to the boat. The head was like that of a seal, but they immediately perceived it was not one. A gull flew toward the animal as they were looking at it, and made a pounce upon it, when the huge creature raised its body at least three fathoms high, or about eighteen feet into the air, and the bird flew away in terror. They said they had time, before it disappeared, to notice that the monster had a red throat, and that its body was about twice the thickness of a boat-mast.

The next account we meet with is much more circumstantial, and much less legendary than either of the other two. It is in the shape of an extract from the log-book of Captain L. Blyl, of the bark *Hendrix Ido*, bearing date, October 8, 1833, and is as follows:

> Sailing in South Atlantic in latitude 27° 27′ North, and longitude 14° 51′ East, perceived on July the 9th of this year, between twelve and one in the afternoon, a dangerous sea-monster, which during nine days constantly kept alongside of us to latitude 37° 55′ South, and longitude 42° 9′ East. This animal was ninety feet long, and twenty-five to thirty feet broad; and every now and then it struck the ship with such force as to make it vibrate. The monster blew much water, which spread an unpleasant stench over the deck. Fearing that the animal might injure the rudder, I did my utmost to get rid of it, but without success.
>
> After it had received more than one hundred musket-balls, a harpoon, and a long iron bar, blood was seen to flow from its various wounds, so that at last, from loss of blood, the monster could swim behind the vessel no longer, and we were delivered from it.

It will be at once perceived that this account is much more worthy of belief than any previously mentioned.

The next account of the sea-serpent having been seen is in the year 1849. This account is remarkable from being well attested, and from having given rise to an angry controversy. The whole of the story would be too long for insertion here; the serpent was seen by Captain M'Quhœ, and other officers of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, in latitude 24° 44′ South, and longitude 9° 22′ East.

Captain M'Quhœ's account was replied to by no less a person than Professor Owen, who argued that Captain M'Quhœ had been mistaken as to the size of the animal he saw, and that it could not possibly have been a serpent, but was most probably a seal. This letter was answered by the Captain, who again reiterated his statements, and was positive the animal was a serpent. Other letters followed, and of course, as neither party would yield, the matter still rests where it was.

The sea-serpent has been reported several times since that date; the last time in 1863. If human testimony could be relied on, the existence of this great monster must be regarded as proved. In the Scandinavian countries it has been a subject of popular belief from the earliest ages that a great monster, similar to a serpent, which they call "The Kraken," swims in the ocean. Sometimes this has been substantiated by actual narratives of its appearance. The more modern instances which I have glanced at have frequently been attested, not only by sailors, who are proverbially credulous, but by passengers and others. But if such an animal exists, it is, as Professor Owen justly says, most extraordinary that of the hundreds which must have lived and died in the ocean since the creation, not a single vestige, not a bone nor a tooth, has ever been cast on shore, as far as the most diligent search and investigation has hitherto shown. Nor, strange to say, as would naturally have been expected, has the dead body of one ever been seen floating on the water. In fact, like the Phantom Ship, the Great Serpent has never been seen except when swimming through the water at great speed in foggy or stormy weather, and, like the phantom, it has invariably swept past, leaving not a trace behind.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

The Senate reached a vote on one of the Impeachment articles on May 16. By a resolution offered the same day it was decided that a vote should be taken on the eleventh article first. The vote was formally taken, and resulted in the acquittal of the President on that charge by a vote of 19 nays to 35 yeas. Seven Republican Senators, viz.: FESSENDEN, FOWLER, HENDERSON, ROSS, TRUMBULL, VAN WINKLE, and WILLEY voted with the Democrats for acquittal. The excitement in the Senate and throughout the capital was very great. Our illustrations on page 340 are of scenes enacted in the city and Capitol during the closing hours of Impeachment.

SCENE IN THE SENATE LOBBY.

During the secret session which immediately preceded the vote the lobby of the Senate was crowded with Representatives, reporters, and citizens anxious to learn the nature of the speeches made by the several Senators. Every hall and corridor, every stairway and lobby, and every yard of tenable space from the rotunda to the farthest corner of the Senate wing was occupied. The hungry crowd was "voracious for news." Occasionally a Senator came out to get his lunch at the adjoining refreshment saloon. He was at once surrounded by his friends, and scrap by scrap the news was wrenched from his reluctant lips.

SCENE IN NEWSPAPER ROW.

The offices of the correspondents of the various newspapers throughout the country are located under the Ebbitt House, in Fourteenth Street, and to this focus of news the crowd tended on the night after the vote had been taken. The sidewalk on Newspaper Row was blockaded during the whole evening by anxious searchers after news, and the offices of the New York papers, and that of the Cincinnati *Gazette* agent were crowded until midnight. But as it is the duty of the correspondent to collect news of the many and dispense it only to his editor, the crowd became the dispenser of rumors rather than the recipient of facts.

"A SURPRISE."

"SHE is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her!—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair:

Over her eyes, which gazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

And over her bosom they crossed her hands;
"Come away!" they said—"God understands."

And then there was Silence—and nothing there
But the Silence—and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she!"

And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead—

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it!—Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without breath!
Is there no voice?—no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense,
But to heart and soul distinct—intense?

"See, now—I listen with soul, not ear—
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all,
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or, was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greatest to find how deep,
Beyond all dreams, sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen; as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven!—and you do not tell!

"There must be pleasures in dying, Sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, Darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear:

"And am your Angel who was your Bride;
And know, that though dead, I have never died."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MOTH PATCHES, FRECKLES, AND TAN. The *only reliable Remedy* for those *Brown Discolorations* on the face is PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. Prepared only by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., New York. ☞ Sold every where.

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S. T.—1860.—X.

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MOTH-BLOTCHES, SUNBURN,
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Renders the SKIN and COMPLEXION
SOFT, FAIR, and BLOOMING.

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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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From the New York Tribune of May 2.

To the Editors of the New York Tribune:

GENTLEMEN:—We have this day received from S. R. Niles, Esq., Newspaper Advertising Agent, of this city, a letter from your establishment, making some inquiries as to the manner in which our business is conducted. To your inquiries we respond as follows: That our business is not a gift-enterprise concern; that we are engaged in a legitimate, straightforward business, and do not deviate from the plan as advertised in our circular. In order to satisfy you as to the nature and extent of our business, we give you a statement of our sales for November, 1867.

Amount of sales for November, 1867, according to sworn returns made to the United States Assessor, $104,711 (*one hundred and four thousand seven hundred and eleven dollars*). Number of orders received by mail and express, 7950—in sums varying from $1 to $200. The orders were received from, and the goods sent in return to, places all the way from the "Hub" to Nebraska, including the village of New York. We also give you a list of some of the articles SOLD BY US for one dollar during the month of November, as taken from our books:

1497 Pieces Brown and Bleached Sheeting, average 45 yards to a piece, retail price 20 cents per yard.
56 Wool Long Shawls.
59 Pairs Wool Blankets.
315 Dozen Worsted Breakfast Shawls, retail price $2.
20 Cashmere Long Shawls.
172 Pairs Gents' Calf Boots.
5 Pieces of Wool Carpeting, 20 yards each.
11 Pieces Black Silk, 14 yards each.
48 Silver Hunting-case Watches.
1192 Wool Square Shawls.
1404 Pieces Hemp Carpeting, 25 yards each.
5 Silver-plated Tea Services of 6 pieces each.
1476 Silver-plated Castors.
1492 White Quilts.

If additional proof is desired as to the equitable manner in which we fulfill our promises, and of the satisfaction given our patrons thereby, we shall gladly furnish reference to those who have received these goods from us. In the month of September, 1867, we made a contract for 1000 dozen of Breakfast Shawls, to be delivered in such quantities as we might wish them. These shawls are the same quality of goods as those sold by jobbers at wholesale for $15 a dozen; and when sold at retail have been sold in Boston and New York at $2 each. By taking so large a quantity we obtained them at a price which permits us to sell them at $1 each, and leaves us a small profit. Every article we offer for sale is obtained in a similar manner. In domestics our House absorbs the *entire production* of one factory.

But we think we have offered evidence enough to convince you that our patrons do obtain dollar for dollar for every article purchased from us.

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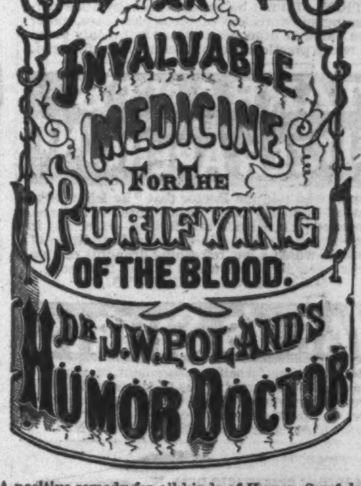

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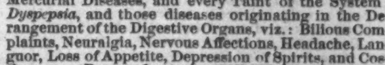

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